THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

VOLUME 162 NEW YORK • SATURDAY • JUNE 15, 1946 NUMBER 24

The Shape of Things

FOREIGN MINISTER EVATT OF AUSTRALIA sounded a note long awaited in the Security Council, the note of moral realism. He recalled the speech of Cordell Hull two years ago in which he said, "We have moved from the careless tolerance of evil institutions to the conviction that free government and Nazi and Fascist government cannot coexist in this world." Franco Spain, said Evatt, is a fascist regime "which was introduced by force, was based on force, was associated with similar regimes in acts of violence, including the extreme violence of the World War itself, and is maintaining itself by force and violence." The report of the subcommittee, documenting the declarations of San Francisco, Potsdam, and London that barred Spain from the society of peace-loving nations, provided ample proof of the regime's potential menace to world peace. At London the Assembly requested the member nations to "act in accordance with the letter and spirit" of these statements. The Security Council now has the obligation of applying the principles of the declarations, of specifying the proper action to be taken. What action could be more fitting than that the Assembly, in which all the nations are represented, call upon its members to break off diplomatic relations with Franco? If unanimously adopted, such an action would be likely to prove effective in freeing the Spanish people from a tyranny too long endured. Why should the Spanish people, who first felt the cruelty of fascist war, be the last to experience the resurgence of European democracy? Evatt looked forward to the day when Franco would be gone and when the Spanish people would have "an opportunity to cooperate in the great purposes of the United Nations and to make their fitting contribution to the welfare of the world." This man was speaking not as an Australian, not as a representative of a power bloc, but as a member of the supreme council of the nations. No wonder the delegates from the United States and the United Kingdom required a few days to think it over.

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ONE EFFECT OF THE VATICAN'S POLITICAL excursions has been to spur the Protestant churches into united action without precedent in this country. A deep and growing sense of outrage has mounted among our citizenry over the campaign sponsored by the Knights of Columbus and other Catholic groups in favor of the fascist Franco. The blatant interference of the Pope in the recent European elections has roused Americans who don't like to be told by any church how to vote and who cherish that basic tenet of democracy—separation of church and state. The fact that the leaders of seven great Protestant denominations representing more than thirty million members waited on President Truman to demand the recall of Myron C. Taylor from Rome should give pause to those Catholics here and abroad who debase the name "Christian" by applying it to the most reactionary of political faiths. When Dr. Samuel McCrea Cavert, general secretary of the Federal Churches of Christ in America, described the present diplomatic relations between Washington and the Vatican State as "unauthorized" and "unconstitutional" and demanded that they be permanently severed, he spoke for more than the delegation. He spoke for the vast majority of free Americans.

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MR. TRUMAN IS LIKE A MISCHIEVOUS BOY who seems to enjoy frightening people with no thought for the consequences. The President started off his press conference last Thursday with a sly grin on his face. He had a firecracker in his hand, and, oh boy, just wait until he threw it. With a bang the announcement came: Fred Vinson, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court; John Snyder, Secretary of the Treasury; the Office of Reconversion abolished. The correspondents trudging along Pennsylvania Avenue back to their offices were an awed and sober lot. They had not believed Mr. Truman even in his new reckless mood would go that far—John Snyder a Cabinet officer! Now the circle of White House advisers is narrowed: Snyder, the glum little Missouri banker who goaded Mr. Truman into his anti-labor stand and his neutrality on price controls; Admiral Leahy, a grim old reactionary; George Allen, the clown and one-time corporation lobbyist; John Steelman, more interested in keeping than in doing his job; Attorney General Tom Clark, Texas conservative. Vinson will fit easily into the Supreme Court. He is a friendly, tolerant Southerner of the Alben Barkley type, not a fighting liberal like Hugo Black or a thinker like Justice Douglas. The Republicans are delighted with the Snyder appointment. They will have good fun poking into his qualifications. As for

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• IN THIS ISSUE •

EDITORIALS
The Shape of Things 705
Last Chance to Stop Inflation 708
Europe Votes 709

ARTICLES
Information Please, Mr. Molotov *by Harold J. Laski* 710
British Labor Takes Stock *by Aylmer Vallance* 711
The New French Cabinet *by J. Alvarez del Vayo* 712
Yugoslavia Revisited *by Hal Lehrman* 713
I Was at Lichfield *by Ashur Baizer* 715
Small-Town America. II: St. Martinville, Louisiana *by Alden Stevens* 718
Political Psychotherapy *by Martin Gumpert* 719
In the Wind 720
Everybody's Business *by Keith Hutchison* 721

BOOKS AND THE ARTS
The Anthropological Revolution *by Nathan Glazer* 722
Monopolies of the Mind *by Henry Steele Commager* 723
The Elements of Education *by Agnes E. Benedict* 725
Briefer Comment 725
Art *by Clement Greenberg* 727
Music *by B. H. Haggin* 728

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS 730

CROSSWORD PUZZLE No. 165 *by Jack Barrett* 731

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The Nation, published weekly and copyrighted, 1946, in the U. S. A. by The Nation Associates, Inc., 20 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, December 13, 1879, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Washington Editorial Bureau: 318 Kellogg Building. Advertising and Circulation Representative for Continental Europe: Publicitas, Lausanne, Switzerland.

Subscription Prices: Domestic—One year $5; Two years $8; Three years $11. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new one.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index.

the Democrats, the gloom last Thursday in their cloakrooms and at national headquarters was as thick as a Washington fog. Some are going around muttering about the strange spell that has transformed Harry Truman, once so innocent and likable, into a character who takes a perverse delight in destroying the liberal movement, the Democratic Party, and respect for the office of President.

*

THE SUPREME COURT HAS ONCE AGAIN tightened its noose around Jim Crow. In a recent six-to-one decision the court has invalidated a state statute requiring segregation of Negro passengers on interstate bus lines. The ruling was handed down on the appeal of Irene Morgan, a Negro woman, who was fined $10 by a Virginia court for refusing to sit in the segregated section of a bus during a trip from Gloucester County, Virginia, to Baltimore, Maryland. The majority opinion, written by Justice Stanley F. Reed, is based on the sensible premise that "seating arrangements for the different races in interstate motor travel require a single, uniform rule to promote and to protect national travel." The principle used to uphold this rule of expediency was the familiar doctrine that the states cannot impose their regulations on interstate traffic. While the decision does not, of course, invalidate Jim Crow regulations on intrastate bus travel, it makes the enforcement of such regulations almost impossible. For it will be exceedingly difficult for the bus companies to apply one rule to interstate and still another to intrastate travel. That most of the increasingly important interstate bus travel is controlled by the same large companies which dominate the intrastate traffic will only complicate to absurdity any attempt to retain Jim Crow regulations on local travel. In this as in other recent decisions involving minority rights, the Supreme Court has not only cleared the way for affirmative Congressional action but appears to have suggested the advisability of such action. What is needed in this instance, of course, is legislation prohibiting all forms of segregation in interstate air, train, and bus travel. The Morgan case represents still another significant victory for Negro rights won by William H. Hastie in the Supreme Court. While Mr. Hastie will make an excellent Governor of the Virgin Islands, his presence will be sorely missed in Washington.

*

ANOTHER COURT DECISION, THAT IN THE Lovett-Watson-Dodd cases, represented a significant victory in the often discouraging struggle against Congressional infringement of individual liberties. Since the establishment of the Dies committee some years ago, there has seemed to be no limit to the powers of a Congressional committee to slander respectable individuals and besmirch reputations by false accusations. In the case of Robert Morss Lovett, Goodwin Watson, and William

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JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

E. Dodd the House backed up its irresponsible committee by attaching a rider to an appropriation bill specifically denying salaries to the three men accused by the committee and forbidding their future employment by the government of the United States. Speaking for the court, Justice Black declared that the House's action "clearly accomplishes the punishment of the named individuals without a judicial trial." Thus the rider was, in effect, a bill of attainder, a legislative measure specifically outlawed by the Constitution. The decision does nothing to clear the reputations of the three accused men, or of the hundreds of others who have been hounded by the Dies and Rankin committees, but it at least serves warning to such committees that they cannot legally go beyond slander and seek to punish individuals for their political or economic beliefs.

*

EDWARD R. STETTINIUS HAS RESIGNED AS United States representative on the United Nations Security Council ostensibly on the ground that he feels he has completed the task intrusted to him by the President —the safe launching of the United Nations. Actually his departure is believed due to his chagrin at Secretary Byrnes's insistence on treating him as "a messenger boy." Mr. Stettinius would seem to have a right to object to such treatment except for the fact that he is a natural "messenger boy," lacking the qualities needed to command the respect of the Security Council. That respect, we are sure, will be won by his successor, Senator Warren R. Austin, a Vermont Republican who has never let party allegiance override his private convictions. Though a firm conservative in domestic affairs and a stalwart critic of the New Deal, Mr. Austin gave unswerving support to Roosevelt's foreign policies because he was convinced that fascism represented not only a physical but a moral danger. His willingness to accept his new post at a moment when the future of the United Nations looks dark is an indication that he holds tenaciously to his belief that the world can find security through collective action. "I would not have accepted the position." he told the Senate, "if I didn't have faith in the possibility of making progress."

*

THE ELECTION OF EUGENE MEYER AS HEAD of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development has evoked general applause, in which *The Nation* warmly joins. Of course we have often disagreed with Mr. Meyer on public questions and expect to do so in the future, but we respect his character and admire his ability. Having so far pursued three careers with distinction, he is clearly a man of parts. As a young man he headed his own very successful banking firm in New York. In 1917 he moved to Washington for a long spell of public service. In 1933, returning to private life, he picked the Washington *Post* out of the gutter into which it had been pushed by the late Edward B. McLean and made it one of the best newspapers in the country. Now at seventy he is entering the service of the world as head of an institution which can play a great public part in fostering an expanding international economy. Mr. Meyer's reputation as a "sound" banker will, it has been suggested, encourage private financial houses to cooperate with the World Bank. That is important, but what is even more to the point is Mr. Meyer's broad understanding of the political and economic facts of international life and their relationship to American prosperity.

*

EATING AT CHILDS THE OTHER DAY—THE times are bad and, as the poet says, hourly worsen—*The Nation's* youngest and meekest staff member, a newly discharged soldier, sat glumly staring at his menu, debating whether to order Dutch Peace Cake or pie with Whipped Topping. Suddenly he began to laugh hysterically, and shouted: "This morning when I walked by the Dawn Patrol Barbershop it had a sign in the window, Black Eyes Made Natural; the shoestore sign says, Walk in Coward Comfort; and the restaurant next door says it's about to move into a building 'worthy of the name Chock Full O' Nuts.' The box of candy I bought for my wife says on the label that its made of lecithin, albumen, vegetable coloring matters, and gum arabic; when the army didn't send me overseas the bulletin board said, *Project Wonderful has been deactivated*; the new translation of the Bible says: Regard the log in your own eye; and the soap flakes at the grocery are named Atomic Fluff. Whipped Topping! Whipped Topping! I want *cream*!" The older members of the staff told the veteran that all this is Civilization As We Know It—something men neither understand nor change, but only adjust themselves to; they left him muttering, "And why do they have to call the good old League of Nations the UN?"

*

CALIFORNIA ELECTIONS ARE UNPREDICTABLE only to those who gaze upon the strange political scene from a distance. Far from being unexpected, Earl Warren's victory at the primary on June 4 was clearly indicated by every poll taken since the first of the year. While it has unquestionably made him a leading contender for the Republican nomination in 1948, it was the result, not so much of a swing to the right, as of "a crack at the left." And although Warren won handsomely, it can be safely predicted that the liberal nominees of the Democratic Party for Lieutenant Governor and Attorney General—John P. Shelley and Edmund G. Brown—will win in November. The liberal members of the California Congressional delegation all won renomination and should be reelected without difficulty. In fact, two of

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these candidates, Cecil King and Chet Holifield, both Democrats, were reelected at the primaries. Scoring an impressive victory over Ellis E. Patterson in the hotly contested Senatorial race, Will Rogers, Jr., cut deeply into the Republican vote. On the basis of the primary returns, Rogers should defeat Senator William Knowland, the Republican nominee, in November. The conclusion would seem to be, therefore, that Warren's victory was a personal triumph, but such is not the case. The real story of the election is the defeat of Bob Kenny rather than the victory of Earl Warren. Complex and highly significant, the full details of this story must be reserved for a later issue. But this much can be said now: the defeat of Kenny was the result of widespread disaffection among California Democrats, the fratricidal feud between Patterson and Rogers which was permitted to become the major issue of the campaign, the complete disintegration of the coalition of forces that won impressive victories for Franklin D. Roosevelt, an outbreak of intransigent "infantile leftism," and a badly run campaign.

Last Chance to Stop Inflation

THE Senate Banking Committee labored and labored for seven weeks. Out came a creature so monstrous that it frightened and awed even the most callous member of the committee. The name it goes by is an example of the strange cynicism that rises occasionally on Capitol Hill. The name is "The Senate Price Control Bill."

When the committee doors opened last Thursday, the members were in an odd mood. Senator Millikin was struck by the humor of the situation. When asked if the committee action was unanimous he replied with a smile, "There was a unanimous lack of enthusiasm." Senator Taft was brusque. Senator Barkley, the Administration leader, grimly remarked, "I am making the report for the committee. But I will make it plain to the Senate I neither indorse or sponsor the bill." The Republicans, most responsible for the terrifying creature, disclaimed parentage. Said Senator Ferguson, "It's an orphan."

During the four weeks of closed executive sessions the committee was subjected to a barrage of pressure lobbying. Every group that could find a willing Senator used the closed doors and Congressional preoccupation with labor problems to tack on an amendment. Farm lobbyists, dairy interests, automobile and refrigerator manufacturers, cotton speculators, fats and oils professors, clothing manufacturers, retail merchandisers, all had their innings. In this "pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey" spirit Senator Hickenlooper even got in an amendment to help the work-glove manufacturers. On one amendment a bewildered Senator voted yes, got scared and voted no, then decided to withdraw his vote altogether.

The forces were never equal. Senator Wagner, committee chairman, is a tired man and had to rely mainly on Senator Barkley to carry on the fight. But the majority leader could only be sure of Downey, Murdock, Taylor, and Mitchell—all Democrats—for support, and all his prestige and skill were not sufficient to halt the panicky rush to aid the pressure groups. Taft, with no special ax to grind but with an inveterate hatred of all government controls, led the opposition, skilfully encouraging everyone he could reach to put in an amendment. The resulting bill bears a close resemblance to the pork-barrel and graft bills that slip by in state legislatures.

All this time the White House was doing nothing. Chester Bowles, almost at the end of his string, prodded and pushed. But John Snyder was not interested in price controls: things would work out all right without them. In what may be his swan song Bowles made a dismal prophecy two days before the Senate committee reported. "If the price-control bill shaping up becomes law, instead of labor peace we can look for a renewal of wage demands, a renewal of management refusals, and a renewal of bitter and costly strikes to settles the issues."

He made another attempt to stir Truman into action. The afternoon the committee reported, the OPA sent a digest of the bill to the White House with a request that the President comment on it at his weekly press conference. To a reporter primed with the question Mr. Truman replied blandly that he didn't know anything about the bill, made it fairly evident that Bowles's resignation would not be unacceptable, and wound up by saying that just about all the reconversion problems were solved.

But public indifference has been the main factor behind the Senate committee report. The Senators felt secure behind the closed doors. The outraged constituents who had swelled the Congressional mailbags after the House action appeared no longer interested. The coal and railroad strikes were a helpful diversion. Then lobbyists whispered that all that mail had been just a lot of propaganda stirred up by the C. I. O., the Communists, and Walter Winchell. It was a one-letter shot; the people would forget.

Now the outcome depends on the people. The House and Senate are not determined opponents of price control. The number of Congressmen who are committed in their opposition is quite small—about equal to those who sincerely believe in it. The vast majority have what might be termed a political interest in the issue. Can they gain more by helping out the angry groups who contribute to political campaigns as individuals or by taking the side of the people? The fate of price control, the last check on inflation depends on what impression the American people can make on Congress. And the time is short—a week, or ten days, at the most.

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Europe Votes

THE RESULTS of the French and Italian general elections held on June 1, added to those of the Belgian, Dutch, and Czech polls, which have all taken place since the beginning of the year, have afforded the trend spotters a wealth of material. Many of their published conclusions, however, appear to embody a good deal of wishful thinking. Certainly, it is difficult to discern, as some commentators succeeded in doing on the basis of the French vote, a definite turn of the Communist tide in Western Europe and the beginning of a conservative reaction. On the other hand, it is plain that the Communists are still a minority, albeit a strong and vigorous one, and that the Sovietization of Europe will not be a *blitz* campaign. Even in Czechoslovakia, where gratitude to Russia is a really potent factor, the Communists won only some 40 per cent of the total vote and, with the closely allied Socialist Party, command a bare majority in Parliament.

The fact is the political situation in Europe generally is still very fluid. There has been a widespread breaking of old allegiances, but new lines have yet to be firmly drawn. Only when the peace treaties have been written, and economic life has revived to some extent will any kind of political stabilization become possible. The one definite and permanent popular decision made at the polling booths has been the Italian choice of a republic. Paying the price of cowardly subservience to fascism, the House of Savoy has gone to join the band of royal exiles who now far outnumber the little group of enthroned kings. Monarchy is an expiring institution, surviving only in a few countries where monarchs have adapted themselves to democracy.

The European polls suggest that capitalism is dying out almost as rapidly. Everywhere political competition is not so much between socialism and private enterprise as between different varieties of socialism. Throughout Western Europe the right wing has been borrowing the social programs of the left. The variously named Catholic parties which have emerged with pluralities, though not with majorities, in France, Italy, Holland, and Belgium are all committed to a planned economy and extensive measures of public ownership. The real conservative parties, those with which American Republicans could make common cause, have all but evaporated.

Agreement on the shape of economic things to come is not, however, proving a unifying factor. The political pattern that seems to be developing is one of rivalry between two theocracies—communism and Catholicism. This can be most plainly perceived in France, where the Catholic Mouvement Républicain Populaire added impressively to its aggregate vote on June 1 and returned the largest number of deputies, thereby displacing the Communist Party from the position it had won last October. However, the setback suffered by the Communists was very slight, for although they lost a few seats, they increased their popular vote. The real losers were the Socialists, who suffered from defections to both right and left. In Italy, on the other hand, the Socialists were able to take second place after the Christian Democrats. But the Communists were not far behind and rolled up a striking total of votes considering how much they were handicapped by Russian demands for reparations and support of Yugoslav claims to Trieste.

Judging by these results, Europeans are not approaching post-war politics in a very rationalistic frame of mind. They are seeking a faith to live by and are, therefore, attracted by parties that offer them a dogma. They tend increasingly to look either to the Vatican or to the Kremlin, both of which command a devoted, virile, and compact body of disciples in every country of Western Europe, excluding Scandinavia. As a result, the outlook for social democracy in Western Europe, for the growth of states where social ownership of the means of production is combined with the enhancement of civil liberty, is far from reassuring. For in the matter of civil liberty neither Communists nor Catholics can be trusted.

We make this statement though fully aware that the Pope has repeatedly claimed that the church is *the* great champion of liberty. In the electioneering address which he broadcast on the eve of the Italian and French polls he called on "the evidence of history to show the church's incessant solicitude to protect the peoples against the despotism of princes careless of the common good." So he dismissed without a qualm the long black record of cooperation between the papacy and lay tyrants, from Philip II of Spain to Mussolini; so he overlooked the fact that in Catholic Spain today hundreds of thousands of men are being imprisoned without trial without a murmur of protest from the church. History shows clearly that the Catholic church has supported liberty of conscience only in lands where Catholics are a minority. And the same is true of freedom of speech and the press, as may be seen today in Eire, where a censorship inspired by the church prevents the printing of books by nearly every well-known Irish author. The truth is that freedom is stifled by doctrines of infallibility whether they emanate from Rome or Moscow.

If either Catholicism or communism contrives to establish itself in a position of absolute power in Europe, liberty as we know it will be buried, for neither recognizes that the basic freedom is freedom for heretics. Europe's elections underline the danger. We can only hope that the two rival ideologies, at present fairly evenly matched, will by a process of mutual exhaustion prepare the ground for a reaction to the skeptical, libertarian tradition which is Western Europe's greatest contribution to civilization.

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Information Please, Mr. Molotov

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

Professor of political economy at the University of London and chairman of the British Labor Party Executive

London, June 7

I DO not think the two days' debate on foreign affairs in the House of Commons has solved any of our problems. It has made clear that Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevin are genuinely anxious for Anglo-Russian understanding and, I think, genuinely baffled at the intensity of the refusal of Moscow to cooperate. Quite frankly, many of the questions put to Russia by Mr. Bevin are questions that the Kremlin can but will not answer.

I do not gain the impression that Mr. Churchill and his supporters are very deeply disturbed by these differences. They see Christian democracy growing everywhere; they are satisfied that the longer and deeper the split between Russia and the Western states the better it may ultimately be for reaction generally. And since Mr. Churchill obviously wants, first, an Anglo-American alliance and, second, a strong chain of anti-Bolshevik states in the west and center of Europe, all the present disharmonies seem to suit him very well.

But Mr. Bevin's questions to Mr. Molotov are based on the assumption that Anglo-Russian friendship is urgent, and I think we ought to be given what we have not been given—straightforward answers to them from the Kremlin. Particularly a British Socialist would like to know: (1) Does not Mr. Molotov agree that the sooner the European war is liquidated the better for everybody? (2) Does he take the view that on every issue the war can only be ended on Russian terms? (3) Does he think that an injustice to the Italians in Trieste can be compensated for by an injustice to the Senussi in Somaliland? (4) Does he propose to maintain without time limit the division of Germany into its present zones with the tragic economic consequences? (5) Does he assume that a regional arrangement under the principles of the United Nations is evil, but that the organization of Russian satellite states in the east is good? If so, why? (6) Can he see no way of giving Russia access through the Dardanelles to the Mediterranean without making Turkey a satellite power of Russia? If British ships, as Mr. Bevin said, can go to the Baltic without the subjugation of Scandinavia, why cannot Russian ships go to the Mediterranean without the subjugation of Turkey? (7) On the Persian issue, where the Russians have a real case, why not propose an international body both to develop oil and to end its shameless feudalisms? (8) In the Middle East why not offer cooperation through the Social and Economic, Trustee, and Security councils to settle differences which will remain power politics on both sides on any other terms? (9) What specific proposals does Russia itself make to solve the Spanish and the Greek questions? (10) Does Mr. Molotov propose, in Germany, an enforced unity of the Socialist and Communist parties, and does he intend to push it at all costs, including arrest and imprisonment for its opponents and the conferring of favors upon those who support it?

All these questions relate to certain assumptions about which we ought to know the Russian view: (1) Is Russia's present attitude due to a sense of insecurity caused by the maintenance of atomic secrecy? If that secrecy ended, would the fear disappear? (2) Has Mr. Molotov made up his mind that Western democracy is a waning asset and that the greater its problems become, especially its economic problems, the more certain is a Communist victory? (3) If he believes (2), how does he account for the fact that save in France free elections have always resulted in Communist defeat? (4) Is it not possible that his policy is based on the assumption, made as mistakenly by Lenin after 1917, that a racked and tormented world turns to communism? Is not the fact rather that such a world hands itself over to counter-revolutionary adventures whose main safeguard is an attack on Russia?

I am quite certain that Mr. Molotov has grossly underestimated the desire of Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevin for peace. I think he attributes to power politics judgments that are largely the result of his own curious maneuvers. I doubt whether his policies, as thus far revealed, enlist any support in any free country except from those who invariably give support to Russia, whether it be right or wrong. He seems to me to be asking for exactly that appeasement from the Western powers which Litvinov so strongly condemned from 1934 until his retirement, if that be the word, in March, 1939.

There is no reason for disagreement on any major issue between the British people and the Russian people. The response the former would make to one clear sign from Moscow of a genuine desire for understanding would be overwhelming, and the force of public opinion would compel the government to act without delay. It would dispel the bewilderment at Russian policy of which Mr. Churchill and his friends are taking such obvious advantages. It is no use saying that there is no iron curtain when the mind of the Russian government is obscured from us all, as Mr. Bevin made plain. It was obscure at the United Nations Assembly in London. It was still more obscure at the Foreign Ministers' Con-

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ference in Paris. Nothing in Mr. Molotov's statement after Paris makes things any clearer.

I suggest with great anxiety that it is the duty of the Russians at this grave juncture to answer the questions we are all asking and to tell us the motives upon which they proceed. Twelve months after the end of the war the prospects seem more grim than while it was going on. No doubt we have all made mistakes: Great Britain has made mistakes in Spain and Greece, as America has made them in China and Japan. And I do not think Russia is entitled to throw stones when I look at Hungary, Rumania, Manchuria, and Austria. I think our business is to find terms of common understanding and not allow ourselves to drift to ever graver differences.

British Labor Takes Stock

BY AYLMER VALLANCE

The Nation's *London correspondent*

ONE thing can be safely predicted about next week's annual convention of the British Labor Party: none of the pianists—not even Mr. Bevin—will be shot; and the Communists' application to join the party's ranks, with a view to a little gun play "from within" in due season, will be firmly rejected. There is some doubt about the fate of the executive's proposal that the party's constitution should be so amended as to debar any future bids for affiliation. The Transport Workers and some other big unions have got round to thinking that it would be "undemocratic" to pass such an amendment without a poll of their membership. But whether or not the accession of affiliates is vetoed for all time, the material point is that the party has, in effect, made up its mind that it wants to stand four-square as a solid Social Democratic party, that there is no room in it for "intransigent" Marxists, and that in less than a year's tenure of office its leaders have shown remarkable competence in paving the way, along the acceptable lines of gradualist reform, for the eventual establishment of a Socialist state. The convention will have no new policy program before it; there is still plenty to do in Parliament before the program on which Labor fought last summer's election is executed in full. What delegates will be invited to affirm is that they are satisfied with interim progress. They will do so with enthusiasm.

This is not to say that there will be no critical voices when stock is taken of the year's performance. Apart from the group of Labor M. P.'s led by Zilliacus, whose chief complaint is that Mr. Bevin is getting Britain irrevocably on the wrong side of a barricade erected between the United States and the U. S. S. R., there is a much wider feeling in the party that British foreign policy, as conducted by a Labor government, has been conspicuously lacking in Socialist principles. There will be blunt expressions of disapproval about Greece, Indonesia, Burma, and Malaya, and, above all, about the failure, so far, to purge the Foreign Service of career diplomats steeped in the outlook and traditions of prewar regimes. Nevertheless, Mr. Bevin will "get away with it"—for several reasons. First, there will be a majority in the convention ready to applaud a policy of "standing up to Russia," an attitude which does not connote willingness to become junior partner in an Anglo-American bloc but simply a desire for a distinctive "British" line. Secondly, though the Cabinet's hesitations about Palestine have caused some disquiet, the party is almost unanimous in believing that the latest approach to the problems of India and Egypt is correct. And finally, the government's recent decision about future military service has gone far to reassure those—and they were numerous—who feared that Mr. Bevin's "imperialism" might be leading Britain into economically disastrous commitments. The party has been quick to seize on the point that, with military service cut down by 1949 to eighteen months, Britain's conscript forces in 1950 will be under 400,000. Add, say 300,000 for enlisted volunteers, and all three services will have a maximum aggregate strength 500,000 below the figure projected for the end of 1946. This entails a sharp curtailment of foreign commitments over the next three years and represents—so most delegates will feel—a victory in the Cabinet for the anti-imperialists.

Thus the convention, for one reason and another, will be content to let foreign policy go—with a few interrogation marks. Delegates, in any case, are keenly aware that the electorate is much more interested in domestic issues, and here there is no disposition to complain seriously of the record, administrative or legislative. Food, of course, is politically a tricky question. John Strachey, adept in the technique of "public relations," may be relied on to avoid the maladroit silences and bluster of Sir Ben Smith. He will do all that can be done to secure a good press for unpalatable decisions; but though Labor is satisfied that the government is the victim of circumstances and cannot be held responsible for world shortages, the prospect of less milk and meat next winter, owing to the shortage of feed caused by 90 per cent wheat extraction, is worrying M. P.'s in constituencies where there is a large "floating" vote. It

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means that if electors are to remain convinced that "Labor can do it," there has got to be a still more impressive showing of success in matters in which the government is master of its fate.

Is there any reason to fear that success may be lacking? Few delegates to the convention will have serious qualms about the outlook. Reconversion is going smoothly; apart from a few awkward pockets in the old depressed areas in South Wales and Scotland, there is little unemployment; exports are booming, and Mr. Dalton can borrow whatever he needs at impressively low rates of interest. After a slow start the housing program is now getting into its stride. Meanwhile Socialist legislation—national "all-in" insurance, Aneurin Bevan's Health Service, nationalization of the coal mines—is well on its way to the statute book. The monopoly of the steel magnates is being resolutely assailed: all the primary processes of iron and steel production are to be taken over by the state. And if the cotton employers make difficulties about the compulsory amalgamations and reequipment levies recommended by the majority report of Sir Stafford Cripps's Working Party, then, it is confidentially expected, the spinning section of the cotton industry will be nationalized too. In short, the government is making—is it not?—a remarkably good showing in "selective" socialism, not embarking on a head-on clash with every vested interest, not forbidding private practice to future state-salaried doctors, not discouraging capitalist enterprise where the community is benefited by it, but gradually taking control over enough key sectors of the national economy to create a "planned" state. How much farther this state is to go toward socialism is a question which the electorate will have to answer, say, in 1951.

Such is the government's, and the Labor Party's, case for its present policy and performance. It is a strong case. The left wing of the party may object that giving generous compensation to shareholders of every nationalized undertaking is consolidating the class of rentiers. "Leave them to to me," retorts Mr. Chancellor Dalton, with the serviceable instrument of high direct taxation in his hand. "Public boards, staffed by Mr. Burnham's managerial commissars, with no workers' control of industry, are not socialism," cry the leftists. To this the Cabinet's reply is that if experts are not available within the party's ranks they must be sought wherever they can be found: efficiency, in a hard world, is the prime need today. It will be time enough to implement the slogans of socialism when Britain's balance of foreign payments is no longer in the red, and when production has recovered sufficiently to restore at any rate the pre-war level of general living standards. Realism on these lines will certainly carry the day at the Bournemouth convention.

Yet among those in the British left who, like your correspondent, try to view the trend of events objectively, without party attachments, there remains an uncomfortable doubt that the Labor Party, in its present mood, may be inclined to overlook one significant factor. The mechanics of the administration are admirable—social reforms competently drafted into bills, sound scaffolding set up for the building of a "controlled" economy—but what of the spirit of the nation? We are a long way from the Dunkirk mood today; there are no "voluntary work groups" in contemporary Britain, as there are in Czechoslovakia. Volunteers to help get in this summer's crucial harvests are hard to recruit; the coming of state ownership of the pits is making little difference in absenteeism among the miners; and in the building industry there is a lamentable picture of swindling and work-dodging on the part of operatives and employers alike. The facile explanation, "war-weariness," will not quite do: the Russians are as tired and as drably fed as we, but they are working hard, and so are the Poles, Czechs, and Yugoslavs. So are all the people in Europe where the partisan spirit of resistance carried on into the peace in the form of a compelling determination to reconstruct on new lines. The British Labor government, for all its merits and achievements, has kindled no such fire. Anxious, above all, to demonstrate its capacity to "run things" just as competently as the Tories, it may have forgotten that the people who gave it power wanted things run *differently*, above all else. If the convention of 1947 is confronted with inadequate national production—and that is the greatest danger ahead—the cause will be that social reforms and planning are no substitute for the collective enthusiasm that only a crusading idea engenders.

The New French Cabinet

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

Paris, June 8

THE formation of a new French Cabinet may take an entire week and give rise to a series of confusing moments, but in the end Félix Gouin will probably be reappointed as Prime Minister. The M. R. P., as the biggest party in the Assembly, is officially claiming the premiership, and for the next few days the name of Francisque Gay will be heard as the favorite candidate, since Georges Bidault does not want to leave his post at the Quai D'Orsay. In their hearts, however, the M. R. P. leaders want the Socialists to assume the main responsibility again for three reasons: first, despite the M. R. P. gains on Sunday, the Communists and Socialists together polled nine million votes to their six million; second, while the Socialists lost mainly for the reasons cited last week in *The Nation*, they also paid the price for having headed the government, thereby becoming the target of all the criticism and discontent; and third, once at the helm, the M. R. P. cannot continue its usual

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tactics, which reflect its Jesuit associations, of reaping all the benefits of Cabinet participation and at the same time ducking every issue that might cost it votes.

In one of his best editorials since his return to France Léon Blum sharply denounces this double game: "On the constitutional issue the M. R. P., like the Socialists, worked for conciliation and agreement. The final project was as much their work as ours and certainly much more theirs than the Communists'. Then, suddenly, a change of heart. The spirit of conciliation gives way to intransigence—the M. R. P. *rapporteur* on the constitution resigns, and the party begins a noisy, spectacular campaign against it. What explanation is there for this shift of the tiller, for this whole behavior, if not the M. R. P.'s deliberate wish, on the eve of the elections and in view of the elections, to break the government solidarity?" By taking a position against the project on which it had collaborated, the M. R. P. hoped to throw the blame for the constitution on the other two parties. "This maneuver," Blum concludes, "has succeeded. But from the viewpoint of political morality, success is no justification."

Once the M. R. P. accepted responsibility for the new government, all their clever tricks would be finished. In the next elections, which may take place as early as September, they would have to answer directly for all the work the regime had done in the interim. The prospect does not appeal to them, and in the end they will no doubt "resign" themselves with Christian humility to second place even though they received the majority of the votes.

Since a Communist Premier is excluded, the burden will again fall to the Socialists. This week the Socialists also will officially maintain that they have been the *bouc émissaire* long enough and that the party which was most favored at the polls should preside over the new Cabinet. But the Communists will hardly accept an M. R. P. Prime Minister, and finally Gouin will have to step in again. The possibility of such an outcome was not denied by some of the most important Socialist leaders with whom I talked. On one point, however, they were very firm: under no circumstances will they accept the portfolios of Economy, Food, and Finance. These are posts in which the most able men can, and for one reason or another must, fail in the next few months. The Socialists held them in the last Cabinet; now they feel it is only fair for the M. R. P. or the M. R. P. and the Communists to try their luck and show whether they can do any better.

Yugoslavia Revisited

BY HAL LEHRMAN

One of The Nation's *correspondents in the Mediterranean area*

I

Sofia, June 1

I AM prejudiced in favor of being allowed to go and look. Last September I left Yugoslavia in a huff because I had spent ten weeks there and had stayed the whole time in Belgrade. When I tried to poke into Yugoslav Macedonia in order to check on charges that Greek rightists were beating the *ouzo* out of Slavs in Greek Macedonia and chasing them over the border, the War Ministry in Belgrade said no. It kept on saying no until I packed up and announced I was taking off for Budapest; then just before I left it said yes.

This time Macedonia took and survived the risk of my personal inspection. I managed it by the simple guile of obtaining a visa from the Yugoslav legation in Athens and crossing directly into Macedonia from Salonika by jeep. After I was in I was able to move freely. In less than a month I covered more than two thousand kilometers. I needed permits, of course, but they were provided without fuss. I toured not only Macedonia—in Bitolj, incidentally, I found several hundred refugees from Greece and confirmation of last year's reports—but Croatia, Dalmatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Serbia. Here and there official stooges attached themselves to me, but usually I was able to get at the people and the facts without the inconvenient aid of Partisan shepherds.

Of all the federated Yugoslav republics Macedonia seems to be the most content with its new deal. Nobody is concerned about individual liberty, because nobody knows what it means. There is national liberty, at least the trappings of it, and that is what the Macedonians have been demanding for half a century. They have their own flag and an autonomous Parliament, and are happy, except that they would like to bring in Greek Macedonia and maybe a piece of Bulgaria. They are busy concocting a Macedonian culture; they have twenty-three high schools with 15,000 students, as compared to eight high schools with 3,800 students in 1940. A suitable proportion of these are for the Albanian and Turkish minorities, as was not the case under the old regime. The Vice-Premier of the Macedonian Republic is a Turk; the Minister for Social Welfare is an Albanian. A Rumanian sits in the Praesidium, and a Serb—washed of the sins of Macedonia's ancient Serb tyrants—is Minister of Health. Moslem women are being emancipated as fast as they can stand it. In Debar on the Albanian

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frontier Zinet Krlija, eighteen, is a member of the town governing committee. Her mother, Finet, presides over the local Anti-Fascist Women's League. Zinet dresses collegiate, but Finet still wears the veil to placate the Debar tories.

In Macedonia I had my first glimpse of the zest for work which the Partisan regime inspires. The citizenry streams out of Skopje, the capital, on Sundays to donate its labor to the state. Near Boletin I met a gang of two hundred youths cheerfully repairing the road without pay. Elsewhere in Yugoslavia there are not so many Partisans, but they have been able to restore the country's highways, bridges, and railways in the year since the Germans, Italians, Hungarians, and Bulgarians finished destroying them. Lately the public energy has also been applied to rebuilding Yugoslavia's homes. From Zvornik to Sarajevo, where last year every village lay blasted, this time I saw houses rising everywhere, everybody building everybody else's home, scarce materials carted painfully over rough mountain roads.

The same devotion has been spent on the land. Autumn sowing reached at least 95 per cent of the pre-war norm—a tremendous achievement considering the loss of draft animals and tools. Spring sowing was slumping to around 70 per cent, despite UNRRA-donated tractors, owing to the seed shortage. Nevertheless, thanks to the rain which finally soaked the thirsty fields, Yugoslavia may become uniquely self-sufficient in food by July.

Meanwhile UNRRA has saved large sections of the country from starvation, as officials admitted to me wherever I went. It is to the great credit of the Partisan regime that a nation-wide distribution system, facilitated by UNRRA trucks but impossible without Yugoslav energy and design, managed to spread our supplies fairly evenly. I was especially sensitive to the phenomenon of Yugoslav vigor because I had been so recently in Greece, where the only labors of note are politics and oratory. In Yugoslavia the black market has literally been choked by the rope. The same treatment has snuffed out monetary inflation. Alone of all the countries in Central and Southeastern Europe, Yugoslavia has prevented speculation in foreign exchange; the terroristic methods used against manipulators have kept the dinar at fifty to the dollar, when natural economic law, dearth of public funds, and absence of adequate cover should have booted it down long ago.

Having said all this, I am constrained to put my remaining stock of superlatives away. The rest of Partisan Yugoslavia, to this groggy but still convinced liberal, is on the edge of darkness.

Take first the army. The new Yugoslavia is a forest of uniforms. Just before I left, demobilization of a few classes was widely advertised, but the *Cluzhbeni List* (*Official Gazette*) for March 29 declared that over half of the year's federal budget would go to "national defense." Mihail Sergeicic, the Russian ex-colonel who is chief of the UNRRA mission delivering, mainly, British, Canadian, and American goods to Yugoslavia, denies that the soldiers are "unproductive mouths." He told me that they help on public works. This may be, but I have never seen it. Driving down a road in Croatia I passed a solid mile of parked three-ton trucks and G. M. weapons carriers. The carriers were loaded with troops, the trucks attached to artillery. UNRRA has supplied thousands of vehicles like these to relieve the acute crisis in the transport of *civilian* food and reconstruction supplies.

Marshal Tito

The army is packed with political commissars, *à la russe*. I shared a train compartment with one of them, a lieutenant colonel, aged twenty-five, who as a Montenegrin peasant had had four years of elementary schooling before he went into the mountains and became expert at killing Germans. He teaches the troops how to think politically. He explained that the army was necessary "for the defense against fascist invasion." He said the chief danger at the moment was from "fascist Italy." This was when the deadlock over Trieste was beginning to harden.

There is certainly no danger from inside the country. The opposition is completely flattened. I sought out many of its former leaders—beaten, bitter men who blame each other for not having united in time and contested the elections. Hindsight shows that despite the obstacles to organizing and campaigning placed in their way by the regime, Subasic and Groll could have established at least a foothold in Parliament. Instead, Parliament is a unanimous nonentity. As for the opposition rank and file, they have been obliged to give up last year's pallid hope that the bankrupt Mihailovich would lead a rebellion in the spring. None the less, the liquidation continues. Anyone who was not a Partisan or does not bow three times daily in the direction of Tito is ipso facto a fascist reactionary.

The theory that workers should eat more than non-workers is admirable—provided that work is equally available to all. Every Yugoslav has a *karakteristika*, a sealed record of his political reliability. Not knowing

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its contents, he cannot appeal its verdict. He must present it when applying for a job. If it isn't good, he isn't hired. If he isn't hired, he gets fewer rations, even UNRRA rations. Holders of workers' R cards pay ten dinars for a package of K rations. Holders of non-workers' G cards can buy the same package from the government's surplus supply for thirty dinars. Fuel and clothing are distributed on individual coupons, for which you apply to your trade union. Obviously, you have to be a worker to belong to a union. Furthermore, entry into trade schools or universities depends on a satisfactory *karakteristika.*

The middle class is being systematically impoverished. In Bosnia-Herzegovina no independent artisan, no self-employed worker or business man, no professional man may belong to a consumer cooperative *(zadruga).* At best he can buy at a state store *(granap),* where free-market goods sell at much higher prices than in a *zadruga*—a clearly discriminatory tax upon private initiative. Yugoslavia's nationalization laws are anything but terrifying on paper: the state has modestly taken over only such things as forests and mineral resources. But actually almost all industry and commerce above the level of the crafts and small retail stores have been seized under the pretext that the owners were collaborationists or war profiteers. Assessments on war profits have frequently gone beyond the total value of profits, installations, and stock. The gouging has been so deep, in fact, that a halt was recently called while downward revision of the assessments was considered. Rents, one of the staple revenues of the Yugoslav middle class, have been slashed and frozen at an inequitably low level in a rising market. The national reconstruction program deliberately favors the provinces at the expense of the capital.

The irony of all this is that not even workers of Partisan persuasion have much beyond their enthusiasm to keep them going. Factory managers and their top assistants have been fired and their places given to "experts" chosen for political rather than technical qualifications. The dubious capacities of this new managerial "élite" have contributed in no small part to Yugoslavia's present industrial doldrums. Many state-controlled enterprises show a deficit. Despite the New Order's promises of joy everlasting, too many workers who are doing their jobs competently cannot rise above mere subsistence level.

[*Part II of this article will appear next week.*]

I Was at Lichfield

BY ASHUR BAIZER

Mr. Baizer served four and a half years in the army, starting in the field artillery and ending in radio intelligence

THE resignation of Captain Earl J. Carroll as prosecutor of the Lichfield trials must have afforded the defense profound relief. After he withdrew in April, the conduct of the case steadily deteriorated, prosecution witnesses became demoralized, and recently a number refused to testify.

Since so few people seem to be acquainted with the background of the story it may be well to begin with some basic facts. "Lichfield" is actually Whittington Barracks, a British army post between the Midlands villages of Lichfield and Tamworth which was taken over by our army during the war to serve as the Tenth Reinforcement Depot. Its function was to receive men on their arrival from the States and after the invasion to assign men who had been discharged from combat hospitals to "packages" for shipment back to the Continent.

The three guardhouses were only a small part of the post—it was one of several "detention training centers" in England—but the discipline enforced in them became such general practice that the entire camp gave the impression of being a prison. It was not unusual for arrivals, who often had to wait six weeks or more for their assignments, to spend the whole time confined to the post, which was popularly called, in honor of its commander, "Kilian's Navy," because no known establishment of its kind existed in the army.

The policy of the guardhouses—most offenses occurred at No. 2, where I was a jailer for six weeks—was to make conditions there so tough that the men would prefer combat to confinement. Most of the prisoners were A. W. O. L. cases; some had absented themselves from companies about to leave for combat, or had been gone long enough to be classed as deserters. Generally they were held for a while and then escorted back to the front "under the gun." A few, who had been wounded, openly expressed their intention to remain in England, under any circumstances, rather than return to the line.

While it is undeniable that such an attitude could not be condoned, the methods employed in "correcting" it were unjustifiable. Moreover, many relatively innocent men, who had extended brief hospital passes for a few hours with no shirking of hazardous duty involved, were punished as severely as the serious offenders. The sentence passed almost automatically on prisoner after prisoner became a wry commonplace: "Six months and forty dollars. Parade Rest!"

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The guardhouse schedule, particularly after the arrival of the savage Lieutenant Ennis as "disciplinarian" was spartan. Reveille at five was followed by a police of the barracks and breakfast at six. All movements had to be executed on the double. Anyone failing to run for a formation would be subjected to the quaint punishment of "nose and toes against the wall" for from fifteen minutes to an hour; sometimes double-timing in that position, encouraged by a jailer's club, was an added feature.

At the first formation in the prison yard after breakfast some men were called out on work details; the rest did calisthenics until noon. Frequently one or more of the prisoners was ordered to run around the wide circle of the yard until exhausted. "If you so much as look at me cross-eyed," thundered the provost sergeant one morning, "I'll beat you to death."

The same procedure was followed after lunch. After supper the men were left to their own devices until lights-out at ten—unless, that is, they had been penalized by assignment to the "swing shift," which worked from eight at night until the early hours of the morning, or unless one of the jailers decided it would be a good night for a thorough barracks cleaning, with the bunks moved out into the yard, which would take until two in the morning; sometimes a sergeant came back from town at midnight with an intoxicating sense of power and thought it would be interesting to wake the men up and have a roll call. The men were kicked awake, since Cell No. 3, the detention wing, was so crowded that most occupants huddled together on the floor leaving no aisle to walk through.

Smoking was denied all prisoners. They were "shaken down" on their return from formations, and all unauthorized articles were confiscated. At least one jailer I know promoted stealing among prisoners, the spoils to be delivered to him for special considerations.

Two of my colleagues who had been made prisoner-chasers but had not been acquainted with the peculiar set of rules that governed them took out a work detail on their first morning's duty. The prisoners asked them for cigarettes and my friends obliged. Some zealous member of the prison administration noted the incident and reported it, and my friends were arrested. Then they found themselves on the wrong side of the bars, dressed in blue denims with a large "P" on the back. One of our own officers went to see Colonel Kilian and told him the men had been uninstructed. (They, in the meantime, had been advised to sign a waiver stating that they had received full instructions before going on duty.) Our lieutenant obtained their release, but only after he had been reprimanded—for meddling; he told me later that the Colonel used the most foully abusive language he had ever had to listen to.

Since nearly all the prisoners were casuals, few were able to enlist the support of an officer courageous enough to face the Colonel. They could take their troubles to the chaplains, but as several prisoners testified, they got cold comfort from them: they were either advised to take their punishment like men or were reported as having complained and then subjected to even worse treatment.

Besides, there was the constant threat of the "hole." This was a small, bare, dark room on the second floor reserved for prisoners in solitary confinement. They were supposed to be fed once every twenty-four hours—a loaf of bread and a cup of water—but jailers' memories were sometimes short, and one prisoner I know went without food or drink for at least thirty-six hours. Lieutenant Granville Cubage, then Police and Prison Officer, described the effectiveness of the "hole" in dealing with recalcitrant prisoners at a congenial bull session in the guardhouse office one night. "We had one fellow once, thought we couldn't make him do anything he didn't want to," said the lieutenant. "We put him in the hole and took his blankets away. I had to work here that night, and I could hear him running around all night to keep from freezing. The next morning he was ready to do anything we said."

When several of my friends wrote home to describe conditions at the guardhouse, their letters were intercepted by the censor and referred to the company commander. He called the men into the orderly room and threatened that if they wrote such letters again they would face twenty-year sentences, though there had been no violation of anyone's security but their own and that of the persons responsible for such conditions. It was not until last summer, after the war in Europe was over, that someone finally wrote to the *Stars and Stripes* to reveal the brutal treatment he had received at Lichfield. Publication of that first letter loosed such a flood of others confirming the authenticity of the account that the *Stars and Stripes* sent them to the Inspector General's Department for investigation. After several months the I. G. was satisfied that the number of specific complaints justified bringing the persons responsible to trial.

The trials began early last December, after numerous delays had been granted the defense, though many of us witnesses had been taken from our companies in September. The prosecution, under Major Leland Smith, who has resumed after Carroll's resignation, started out so innocuously that those of us who had hoped that finally, in its own obscure way, the army would effect the triumph of justice became disillusioned. It appeared that responsibility would be fixed on one or two enlisted men, who would be given exemplary sentences, and then the case would be closed. After Carroll arrived, matters began to develop more promisingly. From the first, however, he encountered, if not outright obstruction, such indifference and uncooperativeness as to make his task virtually impossible. He was flown from Nürnberg to

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London without any preparation for taking part in the prosecution. Knowing nothing of what the prisoners had already testified to, he had to plunge into their cases.

Major Smith may be as sincere as Captain Carroll and simply less spectacular, but on my first courtroom appearance, after I had waited for three months, he questioned me just seven minutes in a rambling, inconclusive fashion. On my second appearance, as rebuttal witness, Carroll questioned me for two and a half hours, not only about the individual beating I had witnessed but about general conditions as well. He established the fact that I had seen orders to guards and jailers issued over Lieutenant Cubage's signature. As defense witness Cubage had denied any knowledge of the guardhouse, claiming he had been, in effect, merely a shipping clerk at Lichfield.

Colonel Kilian's several courtroom appearances were full of interesting contradictions. He denied, at first, knowledge of any irregularities at the guardhouse—even if this were true, it would not exempt him from a charge of neglect of duty—asserting later that if any had been committed he would surely have been notified, and no one had complained to him. Subsequently he said he was positive no unorthodox procedures were followed, since he made regular inspections and never found anything to criticize. In the six weeks I spent as a jailer I worked on each of the three daily shifts, but I did not know what Kilian looked like until someone pointed him out to me in London.

Kilian's reluctance to appear at the trials delayed them for more than a month. He had returned home, to be promoted and retired after thirty-three years in the army, when the defense requested him as a witness. When he finally appeared, it was not thought that the revelations would be such that he himself would be threatened with charges. A member of the Staff Judge Advocate's section told me that only the pressure of public opinion could force Kilian's trial. This was melancholy news, since friends and relatives at home wrote us that the papers carried little or nothing about Lichfield, though the *Stars and Stripes* headlined the story for at least two months. The suspicion that Kilian might be protected by obscure but powerful authority grew upon us and made us feel that we were wasting our time. If Kilian were not tried, the whole business would be pointless.

Whatever Kilian's power rested on, besides rank, it was legendary. When we returned to Lichfield last October to wait for witnesses to be assembled, a Captain Rose, with whom I rode to town one night, asked why prisoners had waited a full year before complaining about their treatment. It was suggested that they might have been afraid of worse punishment, and the Captain said, "Yeah, I know. I myself know enough about that man to send him up the river. I used to room above him. But I wouldn't say a word. You don't know the power that man has. He could ruin me for life."

Nevertheless, the sensational facts uncovered by Carroll made it seem inevitable that Kilian would be tried. After several days of questioning, Carroll induced Major Richard LoBuono, the former Provost Marshal, to confess that his previous testimony had been false and had been shaped by threats made to him in his hotel room by Kilian. He had been followed everywhere he went by Kilian and was fearful for his personal safety. Other defense witnesses confessed to perjury, saying they had been intimidated or were afraid of being beaten by Ennis.

Enraged at such tampering with justice, Carroll recommended that the court submit a request to the appointing authority for Kilian's arrest, so that witnesses might be able to testify freely. Whatever charges might be brought against Kilian for his responsibility for Lichfield, he was here guilty of perjury, subornation, and intimidation. But the court's request was rejected—with a sharp reprimand. Only Carroll's stubborn belief that he could fix responsibility on the commanding officer as well as on his subordinates and insure appropriate punishment restrained him from resigning months ago. Finally, however, his conviction wavered, and his patience gave out.

The first trial took fifty-four days, excluding delays, postponements, and holidays. Men in London or within easy reach on the Continent who had worked at the guardhouse were afraid of getting involved in the trials because it would delay indefinitely their prospects of going home. One man in London on furlough, convinced that it was his duty to contribute the information that he had seen Ennis beat a prisoner, submitted his name to Major Smith. He was told that when his information could be used he would be brought back from Germany. He was never called.

Lieutenant Ennis was in the hospital when the first trial opened. He asked that Kenneth Royall be designated his special defense counsel if he should be tried, unaware at the time that Mr. Royall had been appointed Assistant Secretary of War. He explained that Royall, who recently appointed a commission to supervise the trials, was a friend of his father's.

Witnesses who spent six weeks at the guardhouse have already spent more than that many months at the trials, unable to go home though eligible for discharge. When we were first advised, last September, that we would be called, we were told the trials would be held in the States. In London it was explained that they must be held in the place where the offenses had been committed. Now that the trials have been moved to Germany and additional postponements granted, despite repeated directives from top-echelon commanders urging expedition, the prosecution witnesses are reaching that final degree of demoralization at which they are unwilling to testify to anything and completely indifferent to the outcome.

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Small-Town America

BY ALDEN STEVENS

II. St. Martinville, Louisiana

WE CAME to the Church of Notre Dame de Perpetuel Secours at dusk of a spring day. Live oaks hung with Spanish moss shadowed the front door, but light poured from the windows, and I stepped in far enough to see a long-robed priest kneeling behind the last pew and several Negro parishioners silent in the pews ahead of him. We walked around the church toward the vine-covered rectory.

There is a dreamlike, melancholy atmosphere in the Teche country. This was the place to which Longfellow's Evangeline came in search of Gabriel. When, with Father Felician, she reached this land of cypress and cedar, these "sluggish and devious waters,"

> . . . o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness,
> Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be compassed.

The Evangeline oak still attracts tourists, and Louisiana has established a picnic ground with museum on the Bayou Teche and named it the "Longfellow-Evangeline State Park." Emmeline Labiche, the real Evangeline, is buried here. French, with an admixture of English, is still the language of both whites and Negroes, and the boys and girls spend their nickels in the juke joints to hear French songs.

It is a land with a long tradition of suffering and poverty—Catholic, feudal, almost European. On the great plantations are grown rice and sugar cane, beans and sweet potatoes, and recently the peppers of which the tongue-searing "Evangeline Hot Sauce" is made.

The rectory was dark when we reached it, but Father Roussève soon appeared from the church and took us into his office. He sat behind a desk. We took chairs in front of him. He is one of the few American Negro priests, a slender man with a finely chiseled, sensitive face, a member of the Order of the Divine Word.

We spoke of the parochial school connected with his church, which we had heard was unusual and excellent. He shook his head sadly. "The people here in St. Martin's Parish are the most illiterate in Louisiana." he said. "Some years ago someone found that three-fifths of them had had less than one year of school. It isn't much better now. We only go to the eighth grade, and until recently we only went to the sixth. We're working up gradually, but it's hard because we have four hundred pupils and only five teachers. There's no high school for Negroes here—that's our next problem, but it's far ahead of us, I'm afraid. Now they have to go to New Iberia, nine miles away. They have to get there themselves, and few of them manage it. Many of the whites around here don't want Negroes to be educated. They want them to work on the plantations."

"How about the Farmers' Union?" I asked. I knew it had units not far away.

But Father Roussève shook his head. "There are no unions for Negroes around this place," he said. "A doctor and a lawyer and two other Negro professional men in New Iberia started a branch of the N. A. A.-C. P. there a couple of years ago. They also tried to get a good school. They were beaten and run out of town. One of them was beaten unconscious right in the courthouse. They lost everything they had. I don't know what happened to them finally, but they had to go somewhere else."

"Of course the plantations aren't as bad as they used to be," he went on. "We can be thankful for that. They pay cash wages now—very little, of course. And our people don't have to buy at the plantation commissary any more. They don't have to, but they generally hear about it if they don't run up a good bill."

We asked about the veterans who were coming back. He hesitated a moment. "A few of them come back to visit," he said. "But they aren't going to stay. They've had a taste of freedom and a taste of justice, and they're through with the South forever."

"The whites don't think of us as human beings," he continued. "When there is a concert in town, for instance, it simply doesn't occur to them that we might like to hear it, too. They have no sense of responsibility toward us, of one human being for another. Our schools, our health are not their problems." There was acceptance of the fact that this lack of regard was deep-rooted in white upbringing.

We spoke of evidences we had seen elsewhere in the South of better understanding and better opportunities for Negroes, of political progress, and of the cooperatives which are multiplying rapidly.

"We have no cooperative here," he said, "mostly because of the extreme ignorance of the people. And as for progress, it doesn't start in places like this. It moves

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out from the cities to the country. It will be many years before things are any different here."

"We are fortunate here," he said, "in that we are well treated as long as we stay in our place. The banks cash my checks without making a charge, just as they do for the white priests. And when we bought a small piece of land for the church a white lawyer took care of clearing the title without a fee. Things are really getting better. The peonage system is gone. Yes, we are quite fortunate."

After we left Father Roussève we drove without speaking along the gravel road running northward out of the Teche country.

[*Mr. Stevens has been making a fifteen-thousand-mile motor trip through the United States gathering material for this series of articles. He is the author of "Arms and the People."*]

Political Psychotherapy

BY MARTIN GUMPERT

A New York physician, author of "Hahnemann, the Adventurous Career of a Medical Rebel"

EVERY look into a newspaper or into a neighbor's face, every conversation we take part in, every letter we receive, shows us the utter confusion and desperation into which the human mind has fallen as an aftermath of warfare. The physician is inclined to perceive history as a biological process; he recognizes that the symptoms of historical pathology are almost identical with the symptoms of individual pathology. Nobody who for any length of time has been confined to a hospital or an institution can be expected to return to "normal" life without going through a painful phase of reconditioning, of adaptation to a new reality. States, it seems, are not granted an opportunity for such adjustment—their leaders have no knowledge of or do not approve of psychological guidance. This ignorance of professional politicians is catastrophic in a time when existence depends on understanding and controlling the most complicated scientific processes.

Many of us today have experienced at least five sorts of reality, as different spiritually and physically as five centuries. There was the Victorian world, the world of World War I, the intermission world, the world of World War II, and now before us is the frightening post-war world. Whoever has failed to adapt himself to these changing "normal" worlds has had to bear the stigma of insanity or at least of mental imbalance.

Every relapse, every new trauma or shock, aggravates a neurosis. No wonder we are suffering from a mass neurosis for which we have completely inadequate facilities for treatment. Imagine your own state of mind reproduced by the million—in your contemporaries—and you have some explanation for the chaos that ranges from hysteria over nylon stockings and white shirts through the state of the stock market to hunger, hate, and the confusion in the arts.

This pathological condition is apparent in every nation. Neither the victors nor the vanquished nor the neutrals are immune, though affected in varying degrees. In this country 1,825,000 men, or 39 per cent of those rejected by the army, were rejected for some type of mental or emotional disorder. In addition, up to July, 1945, mental causes were behind the discharge of 43 per cent of the soldiers released from the army for medical reasons, and other thousands were discharged because of "personality defects." Our mental hospitals for civilians are filled and have long waiting lists. Psychotherapists are besieged by patients. And not only are millions of people openly suffering from nervous breakdowns, but the fog of mental and emotional disturbance affects almost every public function and can be felt in the United Nations, in Congress, in our schools, and on our streets.

What happens when mental disorders are unrecognized or maltreated? A provocative paper in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* by Dr. A. E. Bennett, Faulty Management of Psychiatric Syndromes Simulating Organic Disease, shows what happens to the individual. One hundred and fifty neurotic patients singled out for investigation had a total of 946 completely useless courses of medical treatment and 244 courses of faulty surgical treatment—to say nothing of treatments by cultists. "This study indicates that the general medical profession fails to recognize and treat properly mental illness. The result is a tremendous army of maladjusted persons going from doctor to doctor and receiving illogical medical and surgical therapies that only aggravate their problems. Proper psychiatric treatment is shown to result in social rehabilitation of the majority of patients." Dr. R. P. Mackey remarks in the discussion of this paper: "There can be no doubt that the misdiagnosis and mismanagement of the so-called functionally ill patient is the medical scandal of the day."

But it is not only a medical scandal. It is a fateful social and political scandal. This "tremendous army of maladjusted persons" is not only an army of patients but an army of voters, of citizens. And if we fail so seriously in the treatment of individuals, we fail disastrously in the treatment of nations—many international problems are caused by mass mental disorders. Inflation, the

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black market, the breakdown in housing, labor strife, minority persecutions, crime waves, juvenile delinquency are not only political but medical problems. Our relations with Russia, our attitude toward the atom bomb, are psychologically impaired. One wonders whether expert medical advice would not have prevented some of the blunders we have committed in Germany, which from a medical point of view is nothing but a huge insane asylum.

The whole of Europe is in a state of moral and physical exhaustion which must be considered when we weigh the statements and actions of European governments. Instead, we act as if we dealt with well-balanced human beings living in normal situations; our political actions everywhere rationalize madness.

The new French literary magazine *Les Temps Modernes,* in an article entitled Crise d'Asthénie en France (January, 1946), discusses the physical and psychological repercussions of the occupation on the French population. *Asthénie,* from which, according to this paper, most Frenchmen suffer at present, is described as "inability to react normally to a given situation, explosive emotion, anxiety, hypersensitivity to noise, loss of memory, restlessness, fear, and, most of all, lack of confidence, a collective inferiority complex, especially in young people, who show a violent desire to leave their country *'ou n'en ne va.'* " "The Frenchman is at present a devitalized sanguinic," he is "indifferent, nervous, exhausted, unable to concentrate, asthenic." "One can call it a phenomenon of collective castration." The French have a convincing word for it—*zazou.* A mental climate of this kind must strongly affect social behavior and political action. It expresses itself clearly in recent French literature. It will have a decisive influence on Europe's fate.

We too have our *zazous,* and so has almost every country on earth. Dr. Karl M. Bowman, president of the American Psychiatric Association, said a few days ago: "A considerable number of returning service men . . . are being thrown into a neurotic state. It has given an unfortunate feeling to them to find that the country they were fighting to save is in a very chaotic condition—due, in part at least, to bad management on the part of government and others. They become embittered, distrustful, irritated, and they develop the feeling that they've been wasting their time defending such a country."

We are, indeed, faced with a world-wide psychiatric emergency, and we have every reason to be afraid when we hear people talking about a third world war as inevitable. We have the urgent task of determining which of our own reactions, which of our friends' or enemies' reactions, are rational and which are obviously neurotic. We must analyze and treat the neurotic reactions as we would treat sickness. If we had applied such psychiatric political-therapeutic methods to the Nazi madness from its early beginning, we could perhaps have avoided World War II.

We need (1) psychiatric consultants to governments, (2) an efficient nation-wide and international system of mental hygiene, (3) thorough investigation of social behavior by scientific psychological methods, (4) application of psychological knowledge to political practice.

[*Dr. Gumpert contributes a monthly article on new developments in medicine and related fields.*]

In the Wind

MEMORANDUM for Foreign Ministers, found on an old pari-mutuel ticket: Peace Harbor, End of Strife, and Clean Slate finished one-two-three in the first race at Belmont on May 25.

A NOTICE published by His Majesty's Customs for the benefit of tourists entering the British Isles lists under articles absolutely prohibited for import: foreign reprints of copyrighted works, prepared opium, hashish, Benzoyl-morphine, and muskrats.

AN ADVERTISEMENT in the Grand Rapids, Michigan, *Press* exhorts us: "Jesus said: 'Render unto Caesar (government) the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's.' . . . This truth spoken by our Lord reveals that government has limited functions to perform. . . . People are being deceived by false socialist doctrines . . . and believe that government should administer relief to the needy —should take care of needy sick—should educate children in government-owned and administered public schools—should insure loans, savings deposits, incomes. . . . True Christians will repent of these things and oppose these socialistic errors. . . . *Back to the Bible for a Rebirth of Capitalism.*"

REPENTING AT LEISURE? We regret to report that the Association of Los Alamos Scientists, an organization of atomic scientists who ought to know how things are shaping up, now officially identifies itself by its initials—ALAS.

WE ARE NOT, as an ordinary thing, partial to epitaphs, but if we were, this would be our favorite. It's an inscription on a Roman tomb, quoted in Dr. Alexander A. Bogomolets's book, "The Prolongation of Life."

To Aesculapius and to Health
L. Claudius Hermipp
who lived one hundred and fifteen years and five days with the aid of the breath of young women, to the surprise of physicians. Lead your life accordingly.

But watch out for those last five days—they're going to be tough.

VARIATIONS ON A THEME from the *Congressional Record:* RCA Victor has just released a phonograph record with music from the score of "The Lost Weekend" on one side and "The Missouri Waltz" on the other.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind. One dollar will be paid for each item accepted.*]

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Facts About the Shipping Dispute

UNLESS the current negotiations between the National Maritime Union and the shipowners are successful, June 15 is likely to see most of America's merchant ships without crews. Although not so immediately paralyzing in its effects as a railroad stoppage, a shipping strike will be hardly less of a national disaster. It will stop the inward flow of many important commodities, such as sugar, coffee, and metallic ores, and will prevent the delivery of oil and gasoline to large sections of the country.

Internationally the effects may be still more disastrous. The unions have promised to exempt relief ships, but there will be great difficulty in segregating cargo consigned for relief purposes from other exports. And, in a sense, almost all goods destined for Europe and Asia at this time come under the heading "relief," for most countries on these continents are desperately short of goods both for consumption and for the reconstruction of their industries. They have no alternative source of supply and, if they had, would still be largely dependent on American ships, which represent nearly half the world's available tonnage.

In the negotiations to avert this disaster the maritime unions have been placed at a disadvantage by the President's order to the navy to operate the merchant fleet if necessary. This advance notice that the government is prepared to supply strike-breakers has naturally stiffened the attitude of the employers while infuriating the workers. Nor will it be an easy order for the navy to carry it out, for it is likely to find difficulty in rounding up enough experienced men. And even if it can find crews, it may not be able to get ships loaded, particularly on the West Coast, where the longshoremen will certainly refuse to cross picket lines.

Hopes for the unimpeded continuance of international commerce depend, therefore, on a compromise agreement on wages and hours. This is not yet in sight. The union is asking for an increase in hourly rates of 22 to 35 cents, according to grade, roughly the equivalent of $38 to $60 a month. It also wants an eight-hour day and a forty-hour week, which means that shipowners must either engage larger crews or incur heavy bills for overtime. The employers claim that acceptance of the union demands would mean that an able seaman, now earning $145 a month, would be paid $278.47, including sixteen hours a week overtime. So far their best offer has been an increase of $12.50 a month, a small reduction of hours for stewards, and a forty-hour week in port.

Thus the gulf between the two sides is both wide and deep. Yet it cannot be said that seamen are aspiring to a standard of living which is out of line with that enjoyed by other American workers of comparable skill. Their present wage level, in fact, is low on the scale, particularly in view of the hardships and hazards of their calling. One reason for this is that they are engaged in a trade which cannot be directly protected from competition by foreign enterprises which pay much lower wages. The basic wage of a British seaman is $56 a month, of a French $54, of a Dutch $63. Maritime workers in many other countries receive still less.

At this moment a maritime conference of the International Labor Office is meeting at Seattle with the objective of fixing an international minimum wage and thus doing something to prevent cutthroat competition in international shipping at the workers' expense. But the minimum suggested is only $64.56 a month for an able seaman—less than half the current American rate. It is impossible to demand that other nations increase seamen's pay to anywhere near the American level since such a raise would explode their wage structures, compelling equivalent increases for every other trade and leading to violent inflation.

On the other hand, American shipowners cannot legitimately argue that the wages they pay must depend on those paid in other countries, for Congress has generously provided them with covers against the cold winds of international competition. To start with, intra-American trade, including that between the mainland and United States island possessions, is restricted to shipping flying the American flag. In addition, ever since the end of the last war shipowners have been plied with loans, subsidies, and vessels at cut-rate prices. In 1936 this assistance was formalized and increased through the passage of the Merchant Shipping Act, which made available differential subsidies to compensate for (a) the greater cost of American-built ships, and (b) the greater cost of operating them. The latter ceased in 1942, but that was because the War Shipping Administration was chartering privately owned ships at rates which gave the shipping companies very handsome profits indeed.

Now the government is beginning to dispose of its surplus shipping on favorable terms, and presumably operating subsidies will again be available. In any case, the American shipowners will not be asked to engage in pure competition with the rest of the world, for it is government policy to maintain an efficient merchant fleet for both economic and security reasons. According to Admiral Land, until recently head of the Maritime Commission, an effort will be made to carry at least 50 per cent of the country's exports and imports in American bottoms.

Thus the shipowners are, in effect, the beneficiaries of a guaranty that they will be taken into the taxpayer's lap whenever they are unable to stand on their own feet. If wages or other costs go up, the Treasury will see that this does not put them at a disadvantage compared with owners in other countries. It would seem therefore that the government ought to be a party to the current negotiations, for whoever calls the tune, it will pay the piper. I do not know whether the union would support this proposal, but I am fairly certain that the shipowners would object strongly to such government intervention. It would draw attention to the fact that shipping is a "kept" industry and a very lavishly kept one at that. And it would give the public a closer view of the shipowners, allowing it to observe that the hands thrown up in holy horror at the "extortionate" demands of the union are very far from clean. For documentation on this point I recommend to my readers the excellent series of articles by Allen Bernard now appearing in the *New Republic*.

KEITH HUTCHISON

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Anthropological Revolution

PATTERNS OF CULTURE. By Ruth Benedict. Pelican Books. 25 cents.

RUTH BENEDICT'S "Patterns of Culture" was first published in 1934. Little in it was new to anthropologists, but it was a brilliant summing-up of the great advances their science had just made, and its discussion of the problems next to be undertaken showed so much insight that the most recent research seems no more than a natural supplement to what Ruth Benedict said in 1934.

But to laymen, for whom anthropology characteristically called up Frazer's "The Golden Bough" or Westermarck's "History of Human Marriage," and to whom it was best known as the discipline whose findings had buttressed radical theories from Engels to Freud, Ruth Benedict's thesis must have had the shock of real novelty. She had completely abandoned both the view that primitive society was merely a prelude to Western civilization and the effort to trace human institutions from their beginnings—preserved, it was assumed, in primitive societies—to their full flowering in Western culture. What we had thought of as vestigial groups hidden in deserts and forests assumed suddenly a scale comparable to that of our culture—were treated as valid, viable, and incommensurable modes of organizing existence.

Benedict described three such "patterns of culture": the Pueblo of the southwestern United States, the Dobuan of Melanesia, and the Kwakiutl of the Pacific Coast. In each of these groups the institutions we find everywhere among men had been molded into peculiar forms, to accord with a specific and unmistakable pattern. To use catchwords, Pueblo was characterized by a placid ritualism smoothing out life's emotional peaks and troughs, Dobu by each man's fear and suspicion of all men outside his mother's family, Kwakiutl by a fantastic rivalry in artificially created values, whose sole end was self-glorification and the shaming of one's rivals. (Benedict calls it a caricature of our own society.)

This book exhibited a cultural relativism that made Karl Marx's seem a slightly enlightened provincialism. Franz Boas had originated modern anthropological field work as a means of testing historical hypotheses; but he then discarded these hypotheses, which had put blinders on earlier observers, in order to view human culture in its fullest dimensions. The effect of anthropological training under his influence, and later under Malinowski's, was to free observers from habits of observation imposed on and built into them by their own culture: anthropological training became a way of remaking people as fundamental as psychoanalysis. The students of Boas and Malinowski abandoned the study of individual human traits and institutions. Such generalized abstractions as marriage, property, the state, law, jealousy, and shame no longer had a history, since the behavior we labeled with these terms was found to be imbedded in highly specific contexts from which it could no longer be removed for the easy comparisons of earlier anthropologists.

It was not only our ideas of property or state forms that could be questioned by anthropologists. They could view the local and limited character of the patterns of behavior of Western culture with an objectivity that even critics like Marx could not approach. Gestures and bodily movements, the form of the family, the Oedipus complex which Freud had put at the center of his contribution, the dualism of most Western philosophies, the "eternal" revolt of youth or the need for leadership—all these could appear, to anthropologists, mere Western foibles. Primitive Australian or Melanesian equivalents seemed to them neither "better" nor "worse," but equally valid data for science. And this relativism provided insights into our own society which have been, perhaps, only hinted at by our greatest thinkers, but which here became the normal products of a method which depended on neither intuition nor uncommon genius.

In the last twelve years there has been a reaction against relativism both in anthropology and in modern thought in general. (But only the direction is similar in the two cases. For while anthropology's trend away from relativism has been dictated by new findings, by growth of the science, the movement toward absolutism in the intellectual world has been uninhibited by the discipline of scientific method.) Anthropologists had only a short time ago denied any possibility of a measuring-stick for the evaluation of different cultures, but such a measuring-stick, stemming from a marriage of anthropology and psychoanalysis that has been most fruitful in the work of Abram Kardiner, is already in use. It is man himself—not the man of outmoded philosophies or earlier psychoanalysis whose specific cultural attributes had been expanded to universal qualities—but the man who, stripped down by the ever-widening discoveries of the sciences, has come to seem an almost infinitely malleable object. He can be given almost any qualities by a culture—more horrible qualities than ours gives him, as we can see from Dobu, but also happier or grander qualities, as we can see from other cultures. This creature, man, also has potentialities that have been left unexploited and unsuspected by the innumerable ways of organizing him we in the West know of. This knowledge makes it possible for us to say that one culture is good and another is bad, and it gives us a tool that enables us to draw up a critique of our own culture that is more thoroughgoing and fundamental than any previous one.

We have passed beyond the stage in the understanding of man described in this excellent book. But to understanding there is indeed no end: while we may have clues, we still have not found a guide to action like any of those that fifty years ago seemed so sure and obvious. The aims of progressive politics are still the freedom and happiness of the individual. The science once depended upon to hasten the achievement of these ends has grown, but the action to which it should lead us seems more obscure than ever. Yet it is only from still greater understanding that we can hope to arrive at the knowledge that will allow men to be developed to their full potentialities. NATHAN GLAZER

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Monopolies of the Mind

THE FIRST FREEDOM. By Morris L. Ernst. The Macmillan Company. $3.

WHAT is Mr. Ernst's "first freedom"? It is not that guaranteed in the First Amendment to the Constitution—for this merely denies to Congress the right to abridge freedom of speech or of the press—but rather the first of Roosevelt's Four Freedoms: "Freedom of speech and expression—everywhere in the world." The difference is fundamental to Mr. Ernst's argument. For he is not concerned with protection against governmental action, but rather with the implications of concentrated private control over the channels of communication. He wants not less government interference but more government regulation.

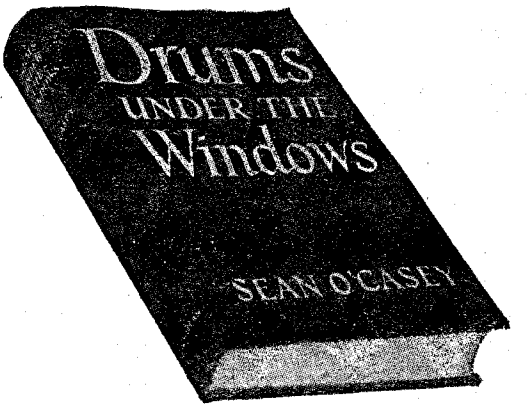
Is the first freedom threatened, in America, and if so, who or what are its enemies? Mr. Ernst is persuaded that it is threatened, and he has no difficulty in locating the source of that threat. "Government," he asserts, "is not the sole enemy of freedom. Concentrated economic power also acts as a restraint of thought. Monopolies of the mind have calmly entered our folkways." And he presents to us a statistical survey of concentrated economic power in the realm of communication that is provocative and perhaps alarming.

The details of that survey are by now perhaps so familiar that it may be enough if we summarize them. The press, the radio, the movies—the principal avenues of communication—all confess the same tendency toward the concentration of control that has long been familiar in the realm of industry and banking. While population grows, the number of daily and weekly newspapers declines, and as great chains take over newspapers, competition is eliminated.

> Ten states have not a single city with competing daily papers. Twenty-two states are without Sunday newspaper competition. Fourteen companies owning eighteen papers control about one-quarter of our total daily circulation. Three hundred and seventy chain newspapers own about one-fifth of all our circulation. More than a quarter of our daily circulation is absentee-owned. We have a thousand less owners than a few decades ago. Thirty-two hundred weeklies—the backbone of local democracy—have disappeared. One company dominates more than 3,000 weeklies. There are only 117 cities left, in our entire nation, where competing dailies still exist. . . . One-third of all regular radio stations are interlocked with newspapers.

The situation in the moving-picture and radio industries is even more alarming. Through ownership of key theaters, production of raw-film stock, and cunningly written contracts five great companies completely dominate the motion-picture field. Four networks exercise a comparable dominion over the air. In fact, "thirty or forty men own the main access to America's mind."

More alarming even than the mere concentration of control are the techniques through which that control is exercised. These techniques are not designed to impair the intellectual integrity of the nation; they are designed to make money. But their effect, Mr. Ernst believes, is corrupting. There is, for example, the rapid growth of "boilerplat-



"The best book to come out of Ireland in many a long war-weary year"

HORACE REYNOLDS
—NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE

This eloquent, impressionistic autobiography brings to life all the exuberance, revolt, squalor, and poetry that was Dublin during the exciting years from 1902 to 1916—when drums beat under every window and torches flamed high.

"With magnificent abandon O'Casey conjures up, in a series of visions, the personages and problems of the time. Underneath a sometimes surrealistic phantasmagoria is the hard core of his keen and exercised intellect."—*Chicago Daily News*

Sean O'Casey's
DRUMS UNDER THE WINDOWS

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ing" in newspapers. The Western Newspaper Union supplies canned features and editorials to some 9,000 weeklies, and a complete eight-page paper, with four blank pages for local news, to some 3,000 of these. There is the practice of supplying what is in reality advertising matter as news to small papers glad to get free copy. There is the ownership of radio stations by newspapers, and the numerous complex arrangements—usually through advertising controls—whereby freedom of news is denied to the public. There is the block-buying system whereby the great movie companies force their films—bad as well as good—on theaters and deny to local communities the opportunity to see the products of independent or foreign producers. There are the numerous anti-social practices of the major radio networks, amply exposed by various FCC investigations and anti-trust suits, which result in grave discrimination against labor and the minimizing of public-service features. This is a formidable indictment, and no one should underestimate the gravity of the situation that confronts the American people. Freedom of speech and of the press requires not only that government refrain from oppression but that private corporations be prevented from exercising what is in effect censorship. It requires that the government clear all channels of communication and restore—if necessary by positive action—that competition so eminently desirable for the fullest dissemination of news and opinion. Nor does Mr. Ernst confine himself to analysis and criticism; he presents here an elaborate program of action with some twenty specific proposals. The most interesting and promising of these look to the breaking up of interlocking ownerships and directorates among various agencies of communication and to the use of taxation and subsidies to restore competition in newspapers and radio.

We can readily concede the correctness of Mr. Ernst's indictment and the timeliness of his warnings without accepting in full either his assumptions or his conclusions, or even his interpretation of the facts which he presents. Mr. Ernst is alarmed by the fact that the number of daily newspapers in the country has declined from 2,600 in 1909 to 1,198 in 1940, that weekly newspapers have declined from almost 17,000 to some 11,200, and that many large cities now boast no competing papers. All this is doubtless true; it is also true that during these thirty years the number of weekly and monthly magazines has increased enormously, and that the radio and newsreels have furnished additional sources of news to the public. Whatever the newspaper statistics show, it is clear that Americans are exposed to greater quantities of news and to more numerous and varied presentations than they were a generation ago.

Nor is it more than assumption that concentration of control enervates political and social judgment, or that competition stimulates it. There is of course no body of evidence to prove the matter either way, nor does Mr. Ernst attempt to prove it. It may perhaps be relevant to observe that Great Britain maintains a government monopoly in radio without any serious consequences to the political independence of the British people, and that the number of newspapers per capita in Britain is substantially smaller than in the United States. Or, to turn to the American scene, it is not clear that Nevada, where no town has a competing newspaper, reveals less independence of judgment than New Mexico, which apparently has the best record of competing newspapers of any state in the country. For what it is worth, seven out of seventeen counties in Nevada changed sides between the elections of 1940 and 1944, while only nine out of twenty-seven changed in New Mexico.

It is proper to raise not only these minor questions but a major question with regard to Mr. Ernst's assumptions. Granted the concentration of control over the avenues of communication that has developed during the last thirty years, is it true that democracy has been weakened? Are the American people less democratic, less independent in their judgment, less liberal and tolerant in their outlook today, than they were in 1910? Granted the growing monopoly over both news and opinion, has there in fact been such a deprivation of access to news and opinion or such a distorted presentation of both that Americans have been unable to come to sound conclusions on matters of policy? Were we more mature in 1910? Did we grasp the issues of the First World War more speedily than we did the issues of the Second? Have we voted the way our conservative masters of the press and the air have wanted us to vote? That there has been distortion and suppression of the labor picture is clear. Has labor, in fact, experienced greater difficulty in writing the kind of legislation it wants or in winning public support? It would be a bold person who would answer these questions in the affirmative.

But if we must admit, along with the alarming situation which Mr. Ernst describes, a steady growth of democracy, of tolerance, and even of political maturity, what is the explanation? One explanation is, of course, that powerful as they are, the press, the radio, and the movies by no means monopolize the channels of communication. There are still the school, the church, the library, current literature—and talk. A second consideration is that somehow Americans seem to have taken on a protective coloration against a good deal of propaganda. It is unnecessary to repeat the observation that the readers of the New York *Daily News* and the Chicago *Tribune* did not appear to vote the way they read. Nor do the parties or organizations that can spend most money on advertising or radio or propaganda invariably win their case: the N. A. M. has not been noticeably successful in its various campaigns. Americans do manage to discriminate, heaven knows how, and to make up their own minds.

One more question is relevant. Mr. Ernst assumes—it is the old Brandeis assumption—that bigness is itself a curse and smallness a virtue; Mr. Truman has recently subscribed to this notion. Anyone familiar with small-town weeklies may well have some reservations here. Certainly we should not romanticize the small-town weeklies, or imagine them all Emporia *Gazettes*. Nor do we need to applaud the *Reader's Digest* and the *Saturday Evening Post* to feel that we could cheerfully sacrifice a few hundred of the new magazines that have sprung up like weeds in these last years. Twenty major networks might be better than four, but the British prefer one, and few who are familiar with it will deny its superiority. We may have a nostalgic feeling for small colleges or small churches, but unification here, rather than further diffusion, is indicated.

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

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The Elements of Education

DEMOCRATIC EDUCATION IN PRACTICE. By Rose Schneideman. Harper and Brothers. $3.

THOUGH it is addressed to elementary-school teachers, every layman interested in education should read this book, for it undoubtedly helps to answer the question: Where is American elementary education going? Miss Schneideman is a pioneer. She is one of the first to attempt the development of a specific methodology for the introduction of progressive education into the public school.

Such methodology is sorely needed. To date modern educators have been speaking and writing too exclusively for one another. Their books have been general, have presupposed almost ideal classroom conditions, and have taken for granted both a groundwork of knowledge and a good deal of native ability. And while these books are invaluable, they offer meager fare indeed to the teacher whose classes are large, many of whose pupils come from underprivileged homes, who has to work with a limited budget, whose principals may be unsympathetic to the new educational philosophy, and who has for many years been teaching by traditional formal methods.

This teacher may long for specific directives; certainly he has been used to them. While directives and formulas will never help him, he must have something definite if he is not to flounder completely. The position of these teachers was well expressed by one of them who said recently, "Here I am, expected to teach thirty-five children a certain amount of reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, history, and spelling. And I am also expected to develop thirty-five personalities simultaneously, to allow them to move and speak freely, to encourage them to 'express themselves.' Where am I to begin?"

Miss Schneideman comes to the aid of these teachers. She holds completely with modern educational theory. She believes in learning by doing, in discipline from within, and in classrooms which are miniature democracies. She believes that difficult behavior should be handled in the light of a study of its causes. And she shows specifically how to implement these theories. The teacher who wants to know how to organize his class, how to embark on a "unit of work," how to help children express themselves artistically, how to maintain order in the classroom, as well as how to teach the various academic subjects, will find his questions answered.

But to this reviewer, despite its undoubted value, the book has serious limitations. Certainly it does not always work out its modern theories by modern methods. For example: the writer approves of giving gold stars to children; yet she also holds, correctly, that they should do their work simply because it interests them. She would regularly appoint children as leaders to help their classmates with their work—a procedure which without skilful guidance would develop a smug superiority which would be injurious. And in some sections, as in that on discipline, Miss Schneideman is too specific—she gives too many suggestions and too little consideration to fundamental principles of growth.

To me the greatest importance of the book lies in the fact that it is an indication, one indication at least, that education is moving in the right direction, that some day before too long the right kind of education will reach those who most need it—the masses of American children.

AGNES E. BENEDICT

BRIEFER COMMENT

A Southerner's Southerner

J. G. RANDALL in his "Lincoln and the South" (Louisiana State, $1.50) elaborates some of the points touched upon in his recent two-volume biography, "Lincoln the President: Springfield to Gettysburg." In lectures delivered to what must have been highly sympathetic audiences at Louisiana State Dr. Randall continues his attack on the folk myth that Lincoln basically opposed the slavery system and develops the argument that, if he was not actually a Southerner, at least his position on slavery was indistinguishable from that of Stephen A. Douglas.

The proof is achieved in part by indicating Lincoln's affiliations with Kentucky, "which, as no one will deny," says Dr. Randall, "is a Southern state." (Tell that to Senator Stanfill and Governor Willis.) But the main premise is Ran-

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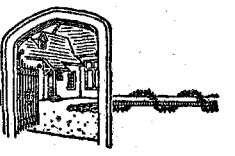

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dall's familiar view that "if the men of politics had worked toward harmony instead of disunity, misrepresentation, and hatred in those misguided days, who will doubt that the 'needless war' . . . could have been averted?" There is also the familiar dispassionate analysis of the contest within the Republican Party: "unctuous rebel-baiting intolerance on the one hand, moderating human relations on the other . . . partisan interference versus constructive rebuilding." Lincoln "went as far in conciliation as one could go while remaining an opponent of slavery." If one looks for the complete opposite of Lincoln, "one finds it not among the Democrats, but among the Jacobins." Here, as elsewhere, you have the curious feeling that Randall has never heard of Vallandigham —or of Jefferson Davis.

The great shame is that the remarkable knowledge and devotion which Dr. Randall brings to the study of the details of Lincoln's life should be surrounded by the uncritical acceptance of the notion that if it had not been for the malicious agitators, the war would have been avoided. This thesis requires much more serious and careful defense than Randall has bothered to give it. As Bernard De Voto showed devastatingly in his two *Harper's* pieces, it is filled with misconceptions, omissions, and internal contradictions. Its persistence introduces a distortion of judgment which puts Randall's impressive factual analyses in wavering and uncertain focus.

ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

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Art

CLEMENT GREENBERG

GEORGIA O'KEEFFE'S retrospective show at the Museum of Modern Art (through August 25) confirms an impression left by the "Pioneers of Modern Art in America" exhibition at the Whitney Museum last month—namely, that the first American practitioners of modern art showed an almost constant disposition to deflect the influences received from twentieth-century Paris painting in the direction of German expressionism. This tendency was more obvious and general in the period that saw Miss O'Keeffe's debut (1915) than it has been since, but it survives even today.

The first American modernists mistook cubism for an applied style; or, like many German artists, they saw the entire point of post-impressionist painting in *fauve* color—or else they addressed themselves directly to German expressionist art as a version of the modern which they found more sympathetic and understandable than that of the School of Paris. In any case they read a certain amount of esotericism into the new art. Picasso's and Matisse's break with nature, the outcome of an absorption in the "physical" aspect of painting and, underneath everything, a reflection of the profoundest essence of contemporary society, seemed to them, rightly or wrongly, the signal for a new kind of hermetic literature with mystical overtones and a message—pantheism and pan-love and the repudiation of technics and rationalism, which were identified with the philistine economic world against which the early American avant-garde was so much in revolt. Alfred Stieglitz—who became Miss O'Keeffe's husband—incarnated, and still incarnates, the messianism which in the America of that time was identified with ultra-modern art.

It was this misconception of non-naturalist art as a vehicle for an esoteric message that encouraged Miss O'Keeffe, along with Arthur Dove, Marsden Hartley, and others, to proceed to abstract art so immediately upon her first acquaintance with the "modern." (It should not be forgotten, however, that the period in question was one that in general hastened to draw radical conclusions even when it did not understand them.) Conscious or unconscious esotericism also accounts largely for the resemblances between much of these artists' work and that of Kandinsky in his first phase; this being less a matter of direct influence than of an a priori community of spirit and cultural bias.

Later on, in the twenties, almost all these painters, including Miss O'Keeffe, renounced abstract painting and returned to representation, as if acknowledging that they had been premature and had skipped essential intermediate stages. It turned out that there was more to the new art than the mere abandonment of fidelity to nature; even more important was the fact that Matisse and the cubists had evolved a new treatment of the picture plane, a new "perspective" that could not be exploited without a stricter and more "physical" discipline than these pioneers had originally bargained for. A period of assimilation of French painting then set in that has led American artists to a more integral understanding of what is involved in modern art. But the cost has been a certain loss of originality and independence. Today the more hopeful members of the latest generation of American artists again show "Germanizing" or expressionist tendencies; and these, whether they stem from Klee, surrealism, or anything else, seem to remain indispensable to the originality of our art, even though they offer a serious handicap to the formation of a solid, painterly tradition.

The importance of Georgia O'Keeffe's pseudo-modern art is almost entirely historical and symptomatic. The errors it exhibits are significant because of the time and place and context in which they were made. Otherwise her art has very little inherent value. The deftness and precision of her brush and the neatness with which she places a picture inside its frame exert a certain inevitable charm which may explain her popularity; and some of her architectural subjects may have even more than charm—but the greatest part of her work adds up to little more than tinted photography. The lapidarian patience she has expended in trimming, breathing upon, and polishing these bits of opaque cellophane betrays a concern that has less to do with art than with private worship and the embellishment of private fetishes with secret and arbitrary meanings.

That an institution as influential as the Museum of Modern Art should dignify this arty manifestation with a large-scale exhibition is a bad sign. I know that many experts—some of them on the museum's own staff—identify the

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opposed extremes of hygiene and scatology with modern art, but the particular experts at the museum should have had at least enough sophistication to keep them apart.

Music

B. H. HAGGIN

WHEN I spoke of Balanchine's "Apollo" as the glory of Ballet Theater's recent season I meant not only the work but the performance—the beauty of the work as it was realized on the stage by the performance of Eglevsky, Alicia Alonso, Nora Kaye, and Barbara Fallis.

Markova's first entrance in "Giselle" had me wondering whether formerly I had only imagined those leaps about the stage that I was not seeing this time; but after a while there could be no doubt that she was merely sketching in her performance in the early scenes and—as it turned out—storing up the saved energy for her big solo of the first act, and of course the taxing second act. And though nothing so extreme occurred again in this performance, or in her subsequent performances in "Swan Lake," "Romeo and Juliet," "Princess Aurora," and the "Nutcracker" *pas de deux*, nevertheless all her dancing, beautiful as it was, gave the impression of being done with less than her former intensity of effort, and of achieving less than its former effect. There was still what Edwin Denby once described as her control of "the full continuity of a motion from the center to the extremities," her "instinct for the melody of movement as it deploys and subsides in the silence of time," which still produced the "most refined of rhythmic delights." But with the lessened intensity they did not produce some of the supreme things one remembered—like the second-act Adagio in "Giselle," the bedroom scene in "Romeo"—as one remembered them having been produced before. Her "Swan Lake" performance, however, had—in addition to its beauty of movement—a dramatic force that I had never felt in her previous performances of the work.

I saw Alonso in her one scheduled "Giselle" and in the "Sylphides" and "Pas de Quatre" in which she substituted for Markova. Presumably she will take over these roles next year; and she is now well qualified to do so; for she has learned Markova's continuity of movement in quiet and repose; and what prevents the result from being even more beautiful than it is already is the fact that the learning isn't complete, and that Alonso's own tendency to sharp jabbing occasionally breaks through. She not only danced beautifully in "Giselle" but acted impressively; and there was the additional pleasure of Eglevsky's dancing in place of whatever it is that Dolin brings down the house with. Alonso's own sharp style was exhibited in the new Obukhoff *pas de deux* and the Bluebird Variation that she and Eglevsky danced brilliantly. Her Juliet I did not see: Kaye appeared instead and gave the lovely performance I had seen before.

Kriza was a far more effective substitute for Hugh Laing in "Lilac Garden" and "Romeo" than Kidd was in "Pillar of Fire"; and "Lilac Garden" came off much more effectively as a whole than the other two works. The heavy underscoring that I noted last year in "Graduation Ball" was evident again in this year's performance with Kidd and Janet Reed. But the performances I saw of "Tally-Ho" and of "Fancy-Free" —with Robbins momentarily back in his part, and Rall in place of Harold Lang—were excellent.

My general impression of Ballet Theater's season is very much like the one Denby expressed a year ago, when, "wondering why so strong an array of dancers and a number of fine performances" had left him depressed, it struck him that "the performances of individual dancers had often been very fine, but too often they had had no dance contact with the rest of the ensemble on stage. Everybody did his job, but each worked for himself. Too often I missed the collective inspiration, the mutual dance response, that had been so exhilarating at the Monte Carlo."

"Denby's elaboration of this was illuminating. "the expressive virtue of any dancing is its rhythm, and its rhythm is felt only in continuity"—continuity of "stress and non-stress"; and "classic dancing is our most expressive development of dance rhythm," building "long continuities (or phrases) of movement that offer . . . variations of bodily impetus clearly set in relation to a fixed space," and that "convey the specific meaning of the ballet—its drama." But this expressive rhythm Denby missed at Ballet Theater. Thinking perhaps "in terms of key effects rather than in terms of a continuous melody," the dancers "defined the stress of the gesture emphatically but took no interest in the unstressed part," and "missed giving the exhilarating sense of dance rhythm, that only the projection of a complete movement—stress and non-stress—can begin to create. . . . While it is possible for a dancer to smash the stress of a gesture at the public, he cannot do the same with the gesture's weaker phase. A complete movement (both parts of it as a rhythmic unit) gets its carrying power by a different attack—by being projected in relation to the stage space and the other dancers. This method has an air of modesty that doesn't catch the public as quickly, but it has the advantage of drawing the audience steadily into the illusion of situation and character which only can exist back of the proscenium. That is why the dramatic illusion and the dance illusion of ballet is broken by the punch of the hyper-active showman and is secured by the gentle-mannered and luminously calm ballerina."

The writing of this sort that Denby did first in *Modern Music* and then for a couple of years in the *Herald Tribune* was an outstanding chapter in American criticism of the arts— one that deserves permanence in book form. One rejoiced, therefore, to hear that *Dance Index* was going to publish at least part of it—

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only to be shocked by the skimpy collection that appeared in the February issue. *Dance Index* had once devoted a triple issue to the valuable writing of Carl Van Vechten; it had devoted an entire single issue to arty photographs by George Platt Lynes; but its way of dealing with Denby's writing and Walker Evans's superb photographs was to crowd both into one single issue in which each deprived the other of space, and to further reduce the amount of Denby's writing by using larger type. The issue does, however, contain beautiful things to read and see; and for anyone who may have wondered at Denby's application of the term "poetry" to "Apollo" —and for those who consider "Pillar of Fire" ballet's coming-of-age—I quote his observation that "to recognize poetic suggestion through dancing one has to be susceptible to poetic values and susceptible to dance values as well."

CONTRIBUTORS

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ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR., is the author of "The Age of Jackson." He has recently received a Guggenheim fellowship and is writing a history of the New Deal.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

A Trend in Liberalism?

Dear Sirs: The article by Alvarez del Vayo, Socialism and Europe's Fate, in your April 13 issue is a striking example of the totalitarian trend in contemporary liberal thought, a trend which comes close to being a betrayal of the liberal-democratic tradition. Mr. del Vayo's article could well be taken as a manifesto of the new totalitarian liberal's credo. He says, ". . . whether they [the Socialists] like it or not, [the Soviet Union] *is* a socialist state," thus taking the position that a one-party dictatorship can be socialist, a debatable conclusion on a vital issue which your magazine seems scrupulously to ignore. He then refers to Léon Blum's concern for the preservation of civil liberties in France as "exaggerated romanticism." He winds up his article with, "On the development of genuine understanding between Socialists and Communists depends the fate of Europe—and indirectly the fate of the world." Throughout his plea for cooperation between Socialists and Communists he suggests that the differences between them are merely a matter of temperament rather than of principle and casually informs us that "sometimes the question is largely one of tact."

Here you have a point of view which might honestly be defended as liberal; but in that section of the liberal press typified by *The Nation,* the *New Republic,* and *PM* this doctrine is not offered as a springboard to discussion of the underlying issues; it is presented, uncritically, as *the* liberal position.

It has always been my impression that open discussion was a sacred canon of whatever it is we call "liberalism." At the time of the San Francisco conference I was profoundly shocked to hear an editor of one of the best-known liberal journals frankly admit that it was the policy of that magazine to suppress and soft-pedal known facts about Russia and the weakness of the proposed UNO which might dampen enthusiasm for the new world organization. I wonder what the pretext would be today.

I have indicated my position on the political compass, but I don't intend to argue in its favor. I do want to appeal for an open discussion of all the major issues which face us in place of the uniform flow of prefabricated opinion which now appears in your pages.

Without the comfort of a dynamic liberal-democratic movement the unalloyed truth makes a most disheartening fare, but by evading free discussion you discredit what remains of the former prestige and integrity of the liberal cause, and you contribute nothing to its rebirth as a vigorous social force. For the liberal without a strongly organized cause to lean upon, it requires a noble effort to examine all of the realities of the day with a critical eye. Nobility and honesty form one of the chief remaining assets of liberalism, upon which could be rebuilt a healthy democratic and socialist movement in Europe and the United States.

STEPHEN LANCASTER

New York, April 20

[Mr. Lancaster has scarcely done justice to Mr. del Vayo or *The Nation.* Mr. del Vayo devoted a good section of his report to praise of the Socialist President, Gouin, and a large section to a realistic analysis of the French Socialists' quarrel with the Communists, touching not only on differences of temperament but on Communist tactics and the party's attitude toward Russia's foreign policy. "Here the Communists must make the main effort to dispel the suspicion shared by many Socialists whom it would be ridiculous to classify as anti-Russian or anti-Communist—the suspicion that when a Communist talks unity, he means unity on his terms, with the Communist Party running the whole show for its exclusive benefit. It is too much to expect that any Socialist, however convinced of the need of working with the Communists, will let himself and his party be treated almost as intruders in the labor movement. It makes no sense to talk unity and then denounce a Socialist as a reactionary or a semi-fascist the moment he disagrees with the Communist line." This is from Del Vayo, not Lancaster. It hardly sounds totalitarian.

As to *The Nation's* liberalism: we concede to our contributors the same freedom to express their points of view as we do to ourselves. It is difficult for the editors to understand how anyone reading *The Nation* during the last critical months can assert that freedom of discussion is barred from its pages. —EDITORS THE NATION.]

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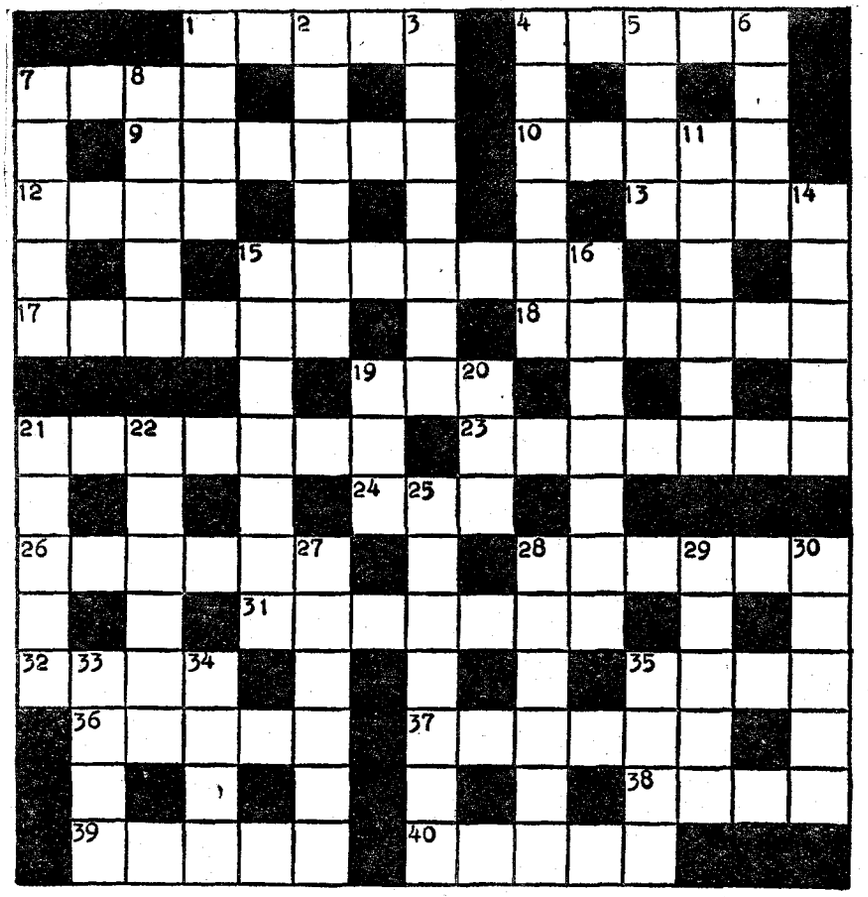
Crossword Puzzle No. 165

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 Sought by King Arthur's knights
4 Courageous commendation
7 Gambling game in which you finish with nothing
9 Irish architect who invented that good-looking cab
10 Rather more enthusiastic than Barkis was
12 A person, or a group of persons
13 We expected to find hops in it, not oats!
15 Car of French make
17 New Hampshire town
18 Beethoven's Third Symphony, in honor of Napoleon Bonaparte
19 Thrown to Cerberus
21 Too good a man surely to make trouble with one of the Irish
23 Country of Europe
24 Canine chatter
26 Not a very deadly weapon
28 Professional customer
31 Head pain that might afflict fur seals, but not true seals
32 Oh, dry up!
35 Am in the principal part
36 Gertrude has left three letters in the study. Grr!
37 In which we don't see ourselves as others see us
38 Wild West Indians
39 Put aside (two words, 3 and 2)
40 You descend in social rank if you lose it

DOWN

1 Butter
2 What this clue demands
3 Rheumatic affection
4 You cannot truthfully call a cockroach one
5 Ship in which Jason searched for the Golden Fleece
6 The vessel at 5 had fifty
7 Not for those who like music without frills
8 European river which means to flow
11 If this were easy it would be more difficult
14 Crowning glory's crowning glory
15 What's left after the estate has paid all debts and bequests
16 How sterlet may come to the table
19 Home of the Duchess of Blandings
20 Invalid food
21 His diary was written in shorthand
22 Putting money on an animal is a childish game
25 An ice, Ma? (anag.)
27 Table linen
28 Homework
29 Boy with a fighting heart
30 Aquaria furnished with shells?
33 Fish
34 A red coat of little use
35 Make a face like a cow when it lows?

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 164

ACROSS:—1 MERMAID; 5 BLUE GUM; 9 GENESIS; 10 NEEDLES; 11 EWE; 13 UNHAND; 15 CUTTLE; 16 TOPICAL; 17 PARA; 19 LAIR; 20 PALATABLE; 21 LINE; 23 AGAG; 26 SPRINGE; 28 OUSELS; 29 ENDIVE; 30 DEW; 32 ACIDITY; 33 ICED TEA; 34 DEGREES; 35 DESERVE.

DOWN:—1 MUGWUMP; 2 RANCHER; 3 ABSENT; 4 DUSE; 5 BANE; 6 USEFUL; 7 GALATEA; 8 MASSEUR; 12 WAIST-LINE; 14 DOLLOPS; 15 CABBAGE; 18 APE; 19 LEA; 21 LEOPARD; 22 NESTING; 24 GLITTER; 25 GRENADE; 26 SLUICE; 27 ENTERS; 30 DYES; 31 WIND.

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